

YANKEE DOODLE

COMPLETE STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 11.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE AT MANILA;

—OR—

THE WILD MEN OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY AUTHOR OF "YANKEE DOODLE."



They then put up a target on a decayed tree by the roadside, and had the natives give specimens of marksmanship with the blow-gun at a distance of fifty yards.

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CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE war between the United States and Spain was noted among other wars of ancient or modern times for its wide field of operations. It extended all the way from the Philippines in the far east to the extreme limit of the West Indies, between twelve and fifteen thousand miles, and yet the operations over that vast expanse of land and sea were conducted with the regularity of a well-conducted set of machinery.

Orders were issued from Washington through thousands of miles of cable, which were obeyed implicitly and as accurately as though the president himself were on the field. Orders were issued to Commodore Dewey, whilst lying in port at Hong Kong, to proceed at once to Manila, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles, and smash the Spanish fleet which had been concentrated there. Within one hour after receiving the order the commodore steamed away, and on the third day following the Spanish fleet lay in the bottom of Manila Bay.

It was a magnificent performance, that astonished the naval authorities the world over.

There was a large garrison of Spanish soldiers in the city of Manila, besides regiments and brigades stationed at different points on the Island of Luzon.

There being no American land force in that part of the world to take possession of his conquests, Dewey was compelled to remain on board his ships, but within gunshot distance of the great city of Manila. The fort and arsenal at Cavite were all that were taken possession of on the surrender of the small force that was holding it.

Corregidor Island, down at the entrance of the bay, on which a strong Spanish fort stood, also surrendered, thus leaving only the garrison in the city.

The situation was peculiar. The commodore could

force the surrender of the city any day by bombardment, but as he had no army with which to hold it in the event of capture or surrender, he decided, by a convention with the Spanish commandant, to refrain from any further acts of war on the condition that the Spanish themselves do likewise, thus leaving them in control, as a protection to the vast commercial interests against the depredations of the insurgents, who had taken up arms under the leadership of Aguinaldo.

The situation remained thus for many weeks, during which time the insurgents grew bolder every day, and forced the Spaniards to abandon many outposts, and concentrate their strength for the defense of Manila.

During that time the administration at Washington was busily engaged in organizing several armies, one for the Philippines, another for Cuba, a third for Porto Rico, and a fourth to be held in reserve for possible emergencies.

In the meantime the Spaniards were hastily organizing another fleet under Cervera, the objective point of which remained a question for several weeks.

Reports came one day that it was to sail for the Philippines to attack Dewey, and the next day another would be flashed over the world that it had concentrated at the Canary Islands, for the purpose of going to the relief of Blanco at Havana, thus leaving naval authorities in Europe and America in doubt as to where the next blow would be struck.

Finally Cervera's fleet disappeared from the Canaries, and was lost for many days in the almost illimitable expanse of the Atlantic, after which it was heard of off Martinique, when, after twenty-four hours, it disappeared under a thick cloud of doubt as to its destination.

For days and days two American fleets patrolled

the Caribbean Sea, dodging in and out among the many islands in search of the slippery enemy.

In spite of the vigilance of the American naval officers, Cervera slipped into the port of Santiago de Cuba, and all Spain rejoiced. The American fleet gathered at the mouth of that famous harbor and bottled up the second Spanish fleet so thoroughly that every Spanish vessel in it was irrevocably doomed.

Thus far the fighting had all been on sea, and in every instance victory perched upon the Stars and Stripes.

The din of preparation went on, and regiments, brigades and divisions of both regulars and volunteers were hurried to Cuba, making Santiago the first point of attack, not so much on account of its importance as a city as for the Spanish navy and army forces that had been concentrated there.

The result of the operations in that part of the island have passed into history. The daring exploits of American soldiers, collectively and individually, will be a fruitful theme in song and story for centuries to come.

Marvelous feats of personal daring took place daily. Roosevelt's Rough Riders covered themselves with glory, as did the 71st regiment of New York Volunteers in the terrific charge up San Juan hill.

In that terrific fight men fell as leaves fall from the trees in autumn, but the Stars and Stripes was borne triumphantly up the rugged precipice and planted upon the Spanish intrenchments.

The story of Hobson and his seven heroic comrades in dashing into the thickly-mined entrance of the harbor to sink the Merrimac across the narrow passage, will be a theme of poets and historians in every language. Yet they were but heroic types of the American soldier and seaman.

Grizzled old heroes of the War of Secession, whose great deeds had long since passed into history, fought side by side with mere youths who were born ten or fifteen years later. Among the latter was a youth of but eighteen years, of the name of Philip Freeman, who went out as a drummer boy with a New York regiment.

His adventurous spirit led him into adventures, accompanied by Joe Bailey his fifer, a youth but a few months his junior, which soon made his name a household word throughout all America.

One day he would head a charge with his drum, in the face of a perfect hail of Mauser bullets, and the next, with a handful of brave spirits, would be fiercely battling with Spanish detachments in the dense tropical forests, and probably the third day would find him scouting in dangerous proximity to the enemy, sometimes behind and then in front of their breastworks.

He seemed to bear a charmed life, and General Shafter soon learned to repose implicit confidence in both his courage and good judgment. Whatever reports he brought, or sent in, concerning the movements of the enemy, were implicitly relied on by the American general.

At other times he would go scouting on shore along the north coast of the island, in order to locate newly erected Spanish batteries, and report them to Admiral Sampson.

Thus the army and naval officers learned to rely upon Yankee Doodle, which name had been conferred upon him by the Cubans, and confirmed by the American soldiers, on account of his frequent fierce beating of the national air of Yankee Doodle whilst charging in the face of the enemy.

One day General Shafter requested him to take some special dispatches to Washington, and within an hour or two, accompanied by his bosom friend, Joe Bailey, was steaming for Key West.

When he landed at that port crowds of Cubans and American soldiers swarmed about the dock to learn the latest news from the seat of war.

There were quite a number of wounded officers and soldiers on board, some of whose names had been exploited in the papers all over the land as brave fighters who deserved well of their country.

Yet, when the drummer boy's presence became known, a great shout went up from the enthusiastic crowd in his honor. They had seen his picture in the papers, and had read of many of his daring exploits; yet he wore no soldier straps—he was simply a plain drummer boy.

But daring courage is recognized and admired the world over, hence men, women and children cheered the beardless youth as though *he* had led the armies and won the victories instead of the generals commissioned by the president.

Both of the boys laughed good naturedly, shook hands with everybody, and said they had had a good time.

"The deuce you had!" exclaimed a grizzled old fellow in the crowd. "The papers told us you have been having a hard time."

"Oh, it is the Spaniards who have had the hard time," said Yankee Doodle. "It was hard work for us, but we enjoyed making it worse for the other fellows."

"And that's what you call having a good time?" the old man asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is always a good time when the other fellow gets licked."

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the old man, shaking his head. "I've licked a few fellows in my day, but it was such confounded hard work to do it that I couldn't see any fun in it."

"I guess you haven't any sporting blood in you," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, I have; plenty of it. But fighting isn't sport."

"Yes it is, old man, but not for the fellows that get licked."

"That's so," yelled the crowd in great good humor.

"Of course it is," assented Yankee Doodle. "If a fellow gives me a black eye, and I give him two black eyes besides a smashed nose and a few broken ribs, I call that real fun."

His great good humor was communicated to the big crowd, as they escorted them to the hotel, where they remained a few hours before taking another boat for Tampa.

At the latter place they boarded the train for Washington, where they were received by the president and all the officers of his cabinet with great cordiality.

"My dear young friends," said the president, as he gazed at Yankee Doodle, "the Cuban sun has made you as brown as a Spaniard."

"So it has," replied Yankee Doodle; "but you ought to see the Spaniards. They are not only brown, but black and blue besides."

"Good! good!" laughed the secretary of war, who was standing by. "You boys have done wonderful things, and the most wonderful part of your work is owing to the good nature that carried you through it."

"That's it, Mr. Secretary. If a man keeps in good humor down there, he can keep his health and fighting strength through rain and sunshine."

"You had a good deal of rain, hadn't you?" the secretary asked.

"You bet we had; at times it seemed as though the clouds had dipped up half the Caribbean Sea, and poured it over us. Then the sun shone upon us through a magnifying glass that would sometimes burn holes in the ground."

"That was pretty hot," laughed the secretary.

"Hot! Why we fairly sizzled, and were it not for the heavy rains our gun barrels would become so hot we couldn't handle them. Why, before opening a can of baked beans we would set it out in the sun for ten minutes, where it would become smoking hot, so if a man ate a cold dinner down there it was his own fault, as the heat cost him nothing. If we got hold of any live cattle their whole carcass could be roasted by hanging it up in the sun for an hour or two, so that cooks are entirely unnecessary except for mixing the thing before we put it out to cook. The rocks were so hot in the charge at San Juan hill, that Mauser bullets when they struck them splattered all over in the shape of melted lead."

The president and his cabinet roared with laughter, and declared that he was the only one they had seen who had told them the real facts of the case.

"Oh," he laughed, "I haven't told you half of it yet."

"Well, don't tell us any more like that," said the president, looking at him over the tops of his glasses, "as it would make trouble for us in keeping people out who would want to go there."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. President," laughed Yankee Doodle; "that's only the bright side of the picture; the other side would make 'em sick even to hear about it, so I'm going to keep mum on that."

"That's right; don't give the country more than it can bear."

He had delivered his dispatches, for which he was thanked by the secretary of war, after which he and

Joe hurried on to New York to visit their parents. In the metropolis they not only received a welcome from their mothers and personal acquaintances, but the whole city seemed to want to take them to its great heart.

Everybody wanted to shake their hands, and anything they wanted they had but to ask for it and it would be given them.

Thousands called upon them at their little homes, until their mothers were worn out by the excitement occasioned by the rush. They had to beg the reporters of the papers to ask the crowds to keep away from their home, at the same time promising to go down to the City Hall and mingle with the people there.

A great throng in the City Hall Square demanded that Yankee Doodle should tell them something about his experiences in and around Santiago.

He told them a great deal in his modest, straightforward way, much of which had not appeared in the press of the country.

"How hot is it down there?" a voice in the crowd asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "as all the thermometers I ever saw down there boiled over at the top about noon every day. An ordinary thermometer couldn't stand the heat. I guess Cuba after all is nothing but a pot on the top of the chimney of his Satanic majesty's kitchen."

"Oh, come off!" sung out a small boy in the crowd.

"I won't do it," quickly replied Yankee Doodle. "It's hotter down there than your mother's slipper, and I guess you think that's the hottest thing there is."

"No, I don't neither," was the reply; "for marm's slipper isn't half as hot as the old man's shingle."

The crowd roared with laughter and thought the small boy held his own pretty well.

"You're right," laughed Yankee Doodle, "for while the slipper is warm, the shingle is generally red hot."

"You bet it is," assented the kid.

After several days recuperation in the city Yankee Doodle and Joe Bailey suddenly returned to Washington, which place they reached before their friends in New York knew they had left the city.

A day or two later they were traveling across the continent at the rate of forty miles an hour on their way to San Francisco, where they were to join the army that was embarking for the Philippines.

It was a tremendous distance from their former field of adventure, as it was more than half way around the world from Cuba.

They had been asked by one of the generals to accompany the expedition, in the hope that their example would have a fine effect upon the volunteers that were going to that far off field of operations.

They were glad to go, as the situation in Cuba promised but little more adventure for them.

They spent a couple of days in San Francisco, where the people seemed to be as well posted about their exploits as were the citizens of New York.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY TO MANILA—THE COWBOYS AND THEIR DISBELIEF.

THE transport on which Yankee Doodle and Joe Bailey took passage for Manila contained an entire regiment of twelve hundred men, and was the first to leave the harbor of San Francisco. It was a volunteer regiment, but nearly all the officers had come from the regular army.

Regiments of regulars, however, were on the other transports, all under convoy of a war-ship.

It was a long, long sail of two thousand miles to the Sandwich Islands. There they waited a couple of days for all the transports of the expedition to get together, as well as to allow the men to go ashore for a bit of exercise.

Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, received them with great demonstrations of joy, and fed them with all kinds of tropical fruits, meat and dainties, on long tables which had been placed in the shade of the trees.

The islands had just been annexed to the United States, and the white citizens thereof were rejoicing over their good fortune in thus becoming a part and parcel of the greatest republic on earth.

It was while they were on shore there that Yankee Doodle and Joe Bailey gave an exhibition of their skill with the drum and fife. Every regiment in the expedition had its own drum corps, and their rattle and bang had been kept up the greater part of the first day.

It was on the second day, however, that General Anderson asked them to beat the famous charge that had given them the reputation throughout the whole country as being the best drummer and fifer in America.

Of course they consented, and the other drummers and fifers of the regiments assembled to hear it. Before they beat the charge, however, they gave other tunes, particularly the national airs.

Then came the charge, which was Yankee Doodle's own composition, and the soldiers, as they listened, gave vent to the wildest enthusiasm. Officers and men alike declared they had never heard anything like it in all their lives.

They readily recognized what effect it would produce on a battlefield when an order to charge was given. General Anderson declared that nothing but death could stop a regiment when led by a drum corps beating that particular charge.

When they went on board the transports, to resume the long voyage of over five thousand miles, the general requested Yankee Doodle and Joe to instruct the other drummers and fifers how to beat it so as to make it most effective.

Of course they consented to do so, and thus during the long voyage they were not only kept quite busy, but had a good deal of fun besides, as they became acquainted with the officers of every regiment in the expedition, as well as with the drummers and fifers.

Their good humor under all circumstances made

them friends. Before the voyage ended they had spent several days on every transport in the fleet, and had a good time on all.

There were a great many Western cowboys among the troops, who seemed to take a particular fancy to them, because they had campaigned with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba. Many of them had acquaintances among the Rough Riders, and it soon became known that Yankee Doodle and Joe knew them also.

The two boys told them many funny stories of adventure, and had no little fun in ridiculing those cowboys on the transports who still wore their long hair, as they had always done on the plains.

Said Yankee Doodle to a group of them:

"If the woods of the Philippines are anything like those of Cuba, you fellows want to cut your hair—and cut it short."

"Why so?" asked one of them.

"Because," he said, "some of the boys in Cuba got caught in the bushes by the hair, and the only way they could go through was by cutting their hair and leaving it hanging on the limbs."

"What are you giving us, pard?" roared out a big cowboy, whose flowing locks were nearly a foot long.

"I am giving you the straight truth about long hair," he replied, "and you will do well to remember what I tell you. You know what happened to Absalom on account of his long hair, don't you?"

"Absalom! Who the deuce is he?"

"Oh, he is a fellow who lived three thousand years ago."

"The deuce he did. What do you know about him? and where did he live?"

"Oh, he lived away out East, in Palestine, and was a son of David, who slew Goliath."

"Shoot me for an Apache!" exclaimed a brawny cowboy, "the kid is ringing in a Sunday-school story on us. I won't listen to it; I heard it when my mother was trying to wean me."

"Yes," chimed in the others, "give us something new."

"There is nothing new under the sun," laughed Yankee Doodle, "except cowboys going to war in thick jungles with long hair."

"What! Do you call that new?" one asked. "I've been wearing long hair for fifteen years."

"Yes," was the reply. "That was out on the plains, but it will be something new in the Philippines, where the natives and the Spaniards will all fall down on the ground laughing at you."

"They'll laugh at me but once," said one of the men, "for I'll turn the laugh on them mighty quick."

"Well," retorted Yankee Doodle, "when you try to run through the bushes with that long hair, and find yourself jerked flat on your back when it gets caught on a crooked limb, you'll laugh at yourself, and wonder when you first became a fool. I don't know," he continued, "whether they have the same sort of jungles in the Philippines that they have in

Cuba, but as it is pretty much in the same latitude, only a little lower down, I should think that the jungle would be thicker and the sun a few degrees hotter. If it is, after you've spent a few days there, you will wonder how it is that the earth doesn't take fire and burn up."

"Is it so very hot?" one of them innocently asked.

"Well, I should say so. Down in Cuba if they didn't have rain every day and night the whole blamed island would take fire and burn up; and I'm told it is just the same in the Philippines, only a little more so."

"I've seen it pretty hot out in Arizona," said a tall, lank cowboy.

"So have I," assented another; "and I'm not afraid of finding it any hotter where we are going."

Yankee Doodle smiled and winked at Joe, remarking as he did so:

"Say, Joe, these fellows think they've been in a hot place."

"Yes," laughed Joe; "but they are not yet too old to learn."

"How hot is it where we are going?" one of the cowboys asked.

"I don't know," Joe answered, "for I have never been there; but if it is as hot at Manila as it is at Santiago, you can fill your pipe with tobacco, stand out in the sunshine at noon, make a few draws and the smoke will come."

"That's a dod-blarsted insult to the truth!" exclaimed an old, grizzled plainsman.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe. "It is so hot out there that a flash of lightning, when it strikes you, feels like ice-water."

"Gosh!" exclaimed one of the men, "gi' me my gun!"

"Oh, you wait," laughed Joe. "You'll find out that everything I tell you is the truth."

"Truth, nothing," said one of the men. "A man couldn't live in such a heat as that."

"That's all you know about it," put in Yankee Doodle quickly. "Flesh and blood can stand more heat than anything that has no blood or water in it. Seventy-five per cent. of the human frame is composed of water, and it has been proven that a man can sit in an oven naked while bread will bake alongside of him."

"Say, boys, let's throw 'im overboard!" cried one of the men. "He's playing us for a lot of tender-feet!"

"Ask the doctor about it," said Yankee Doodle, "and he will tell you that it is true. Then open the Bible and read the story of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednigo, who were thrown into a fiery furnace seven times hotter than white heat, and came out without having a hair singed."

"Gosh almighty!" exclaimed one of the cowboys, grabbing Yankee Doodle by the collar, and rushing him out of the crowd, saying as he did so:

"If ye unload any more things like that on us, I'll

pump you chock full of lead. I can hold just so much and no more, and I'm overflowing now."

A number of officers standing around listening to the yarns, laughed until their sides ached. They saw that they looked upon the bright side of a soldier's life, and extracted enjoyment out of the most trying circumstances.

Many of them asked privately, when they had a chance to do so, as to the best means of keeping cool in the tropics.

"I know of only one way," said Yankee Doodle, "and that is to stow yourself away in a box of cracked ice."

"Oh, drop your joking for a while," suggested the captain, "and tell us how to keep cool?"

"Did you ever take a Turkish bath?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Many a time."

"Well now, just think if there could be any way of keeping cool in the hot room of a Turkish bath? You'd have to leave the room to do so; and hence, you'd have to leave the latitude of the tropics to find a cool place. You soon get used to it, and a man is in little danger as long as the pores of his skin are open, and he perspires freely, at the same time being careful about what he eats."

Thus during the long voyage he made friends with officers and men, and his reputation as an all-around good fellow was thoroughly established.

Many of the men, though, envied the two boys, because they were not attached to any particular organization, and hence would thus be entitled to a large amount of liberty in their movements.

Their service in Cuba had enabled them to become familiar enough with the Spanish language to be able to converse quite well with Spaniards and natives.

At last the long voyage ended, and the transports sailed through the narrow passage that led into Manila bay.

They were greeted by salvos of artillery, and the dipping of the flags of the vessels of Dewey's world renowned fleet.

General Anderson lost no time in going aboard the flag-ship to report to Admiral Dewey, and receive from him the necessary instructions as to when and where the army should disembark. The admiral lost no time in pointing out the place to him and the work of landing the men began at once.

Never were men so glad to once more plant their feet on the solid earth. Many of them ran around, leaped, sang and danced like boys just out of school. Hundreds of them plunged into the waters of the bay for a swim, but the cry of sharks soon sent them scampering out again.

"It seems to me," said old Sergeant Bowles, "that nature slipped up on the eternal fitness of things when sharks were placed in the waters of the tropics, and the whales and codfish in the waters of the cold latitudes. Nobody wants to go in swimming among the icebergs, but down here where it is so hot men want to take a dip every hour in the day, but the con-

founded sharks are thick as fleas on a dog, ready to snap their legs off."

"Oh, come off, sergeant," laughed Yankee Doodle; "there are plenty of ways to dodge a shark, so there's no use of your trying to find fault with all creation. The shark has his uses as well as other fish."

"What's a shark good for anyhow?" the sergeant asked.

"He is the scavenger of the sea, just as the buzzard is of the air. In warm climates pestilences would arise from decaying animal matter in the water were it not for the sharks; they eat any and everything that comes in their way, dead or alive."

"How in thunder can a man take a swim here," the sergeant asked, "with any degree of safety?"

"Easy enough. Sink a coop and swim in that."

"Coop be blowed," growled the sergeant. "The whole business was made wrong."

The soldiers soon pitched their tents on a point of land known as Cavite, in the neighborhood of the old Spanish fort and arsenal, and while they were doing so, firing was heard in the interior in the direction of the doomed city of Manila. The men were anxious to know what it meant.

The marines in charge of the arsenal and the fort explained that fighting was going on almost daily between the native insurgents and the Spaniards.

"Where do we come in?" some of the soldiers asked.

"I don't know," was the reply of one of the marines. "We do our fighting on board ship, but we've had nothing to do since the first of May. Now that you fellows have come, business may revive and become lively again."

A day or two after they landed, Yankee Doodle asked permission of General Anderson, for himself and Joe Bailey, to accompany him on board the admiral's flag-ship. It was readily granted, with a statement from the general that several officers of the fleet had inquired after him on hearing that he had accompanied the expedition.

"They have read about you," said the general, "and the service you rendered Admiral Sampson in Cuban waters."

They went on board the flag-ship, and were introduced to the admiral and his officers.

"Glad to see you, boys," said the admiral, as he shook hands with them. "You have both been on war-ships before, I hear?"

"Yes, admiral," said Yankee Doodle; "we can eat sea hash as readily as we do hardtack on shore, until I hardly know whether I'm a landlubber or a marine. I have found a good deal of fun on both land and sea."

"I doubt that you will find much fun out this way," remarked the admiral, "for we have very little to do."

"Well, if there is anything to be done, I beg leave to say that my services are yours to command, with the promise that whatever I am ordered to do

I shall try to perform to the very best of my ability."

"Thank you," said the admiral; "when a man does his best he is doing all that can be expected of him."

The two boys then strolled about the ship and were very soon having a jolly time with the marines. They had to answer a thousand questions about their adventures in Cuba, while they in turn fired volleys of questions into the marines.

From the deck of the flag-ship they could see the wrecks of the Spanish fleet, and away off on the left rose the grim walls of the fortifications of Manila. In the dim distance beyond the wooded hills of one of the most beautiful islands in the world loomed into view. The bay itself was beautiful beyond description, fringed as it was on all sides by a dense tropical foliage.

Yankee Doodle took it all in from the deck of the flag-ship, and raised a laugh by remarking that the hemp of Kentucky and Manila had been working harmoniously for a century in supplying material for the hanging of criminals.

CHAPTER III.

YANKEE DOODLE IS SENT TO THE CAMP OF THE FILIPINOS.

WHEN the two boys returned ashore after their call upon the admiral they attended the first parade of American soldiers in the Philippines. They led the drum corps in supplying martial music that roared far and wide over the land and the waters of the bay.

After that they settled down into the routine of camp life, for no active operations were to begin until other transports had arrived to swell their force to a sufficient number to warrant an advance on the enemy.

In the meantime, however, the insurgents were organized, under the leadership of Aguinaldo, who was the son of a native chief, some twenty-eight years of age. The soldiers heard a great deal about him every day from natives and the marines, who declared that he had gathered a great army of Filipinos, and had captured Spanish outposts one after another. He had displayed fine generalship, and was eager to attack the garrison of Manila itself. But Admiral Dewey had forbidden him to do so, claiming that Manila was his oyster, which he would himself open at the proper time.

There was great fear throughout all Europe that if the city fell into the hands of the insurgents it would be utterly destroyed, and the people massacred.

The consuls of the various powers had petitioned the admiral to forbid the attack on the city on that account.

Still the fighting went on daily in front of the defenses of the city, in which many lives were lost. The Spaniards, however, having plenty of artillery had managed to beat off their assailants. It was believed that the Spaniards were really anxious to surrender to the Americans, because they could have no hope of

reinforcements from Spain or any of her dependencies, as the American fleet could intercept any transports coming in that direction.

On the other hand, the admiral preferred the Spaniards should hold the city and protect the vast interests involved until a force of Americans should arrive, sufficiently strong to take the task off their hands.

The first expedition of Americans had now landed, and General Anderson, in command, consulted with the admiral as to what should be done. They decided that a sufficient number of troops had not yet arrived to strike the necessary blow to force the surrender of the city in a way that would satisfy Spanish honor.

The insurgents were rendering good service to the Americans, by closing in around the city and cutting off supplies of provisions on the land side, whilst the fleet itself maintained a tight blockade on the water.

A strong line of sentinels was thrown out across the neck of land that connected Cavite with the mainland, in order to prevent any entangling communications with either the enemy or the insurgents.

Many of the Spaniards were wounded in the great fight which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and were still in the hospital near the old arsenal under charge of American and a few Spanish surgeons.

Quite a number of the Sisters of Mercy from the religious institutions in and about the city, had been faithfully performing the duties of nurses ever since the battle. Occasionally a few priests were permitted to come through the lines to visit the Spanish soldiers in the hospital. It was through them that the news came to the Americans of the continued successes of the insurgents.

Perhaps in no part of the world in the present age have the religious orders such power and influence as in the Philippines. They were practically the local authority on the island, whilst the captain-general and other representatives of the crown of Spain devoted themselves mainly to the financial government.

The exactions and petty oppressions of the religious orders had aroused the most intense hatred of the natives, who, it was feared, would wreak a terrible vengeance if not held in check by the Americans.

At the time that Aguinaldo was permitted to land on the island, Admiral Dewey exacted from him a solemn promise that in his military operations no barbarities whatever should be tolerated; that the lives of all prisoners should be spared, and property, women and children protected.

The young insurgent chief readily made the promises demanded of him, before he was permitted to land with arms and ammunition.

The admiral informed General Anderson, when the latter reached the Philippines, that Aguinaldo had kept his promise in both letter and spirit, so far as he could learn. Yet the frightened monks continually brought in reports of threatened massacre, which resulted often in the admiral's sending messages to Aguinaldo to find out the true state of affairs.

The young chief always assured him that nothing of the kind had taken place, or was even intended.

Finally, General Anderson himself decided to send a representative into the insurgent lines to watch their operations, and, as far as possible, find out what the probable result would be of their continued successes.

He sent for Yankee Doodle and asked him if he would undertake the task.

"Why certainly, general," he replied. "If you say so, I will go into the city, seize the captain-general by the collar, and bring him out."

"Oh, we don't want him just yet," laughed the general, "as we are not yet strong enough to guard the whole Spanish army as prisoners, and at the same time protect the city from the depredations of the insurgents, but I want to find out Aguinaldo's strength, and above all his intentions in the future. As the admiral knows him personally, I will have him give you a letter of introduction to him."

"All right, general," he replied. "I would like to take Joe and Sergeant Bowles with me. The sergeant speaks Spanish like a native, has the strength of an army mule, and is as wise as a serpent, making no noise in what he says or does."

"Take them with you," said the general, "but be careful not to get into any trouble."

"Oh, we are not hunting for trouble," said Yankee Doodle.

Within an hour or two after his interview with the general, Yankee Doodle, accompanied by Sergeant Bowles and Joe Bailey, passed the lines at Cavite, and proceeded in the direction of the firing, to which he had been listening for several days.

He found the tropical growth there pretty much the same as it was in Cuba, save that in the vicinity of Manila the country was low, but not marshy. But the forest growth was very dense with trees of immense size, whilst weeds and grass grew in rank profusion.

There was a wide, well used road that had long been used by the Spanish garrison between Cavite and Manila, which wound along the shores of the bay for miles and miles.

They followed this road for some two or three miles, keeping in full view the ships of the American fleet as they rode at anchor in the bay.

Finally, however, they turned to the right into another road, as it was not their purpose to run up against the Spanish intrenchments.

The river Pasig divided a part of the city, leaving one portion to the commercial and shipping interests, and the other to the residents.

They had been told that the insurgents held the river a few miles above the city, and had extended their lines on both sides of it.

Yankee Doodle resolved to strike out through the country north of the city, in the hope of running across Aguinaldo himself, who seemed to be anxious to locate himself beyond easy communication with the American authorities.

As they neared the city they passed quite a number of native residences, where they saw women and children seemingly at peace with all the world. In one place they would see families of the pure, unmixed Filipinos, much darker in complexion than the Spaniards, and yet very far removed from the negro type. In another they would find a family of half-breeds the result of intermarriage between natives and Spaniards or other foreigners.

Their complexion was much fairer than the natives, with regular features. Some of the girls they saw were really beautiful, and were dressed in costumes that were a mixture of native and foreign.

Those half-breeds were known as Mestizos, and in the city they comprise more than half the population, all speaking pure Spanish.

At one place Yankee Doodle, seeing a mother with two or three daughters sitting in the shade of a tree in front of their cottage, saluted them pleasantly in Spanish, and asked for information as to the direction of the road on which he was traveling.

At first the women were nervous, but he soon quieted their fears by saying:

"We are Americans, senora, and therefore the friends of the Filipinos," whereupon one of the girls, very beautiful in form and feature, sprang up and ran into the house.

Presently, she returned with a basket of tropical fruit, which she handed to Joe Bailey, saying as she did so:

"They are fresh, Senor Americano, and you are welcome to all you wish."

"Thank you, senorita," said Joe, as he took the basket; "your fruits are delicious."

"Where are you going, senor?" the young girl asked, evidently very anxious to scrape up an acquaintance with them.

"We are going in search of the Chief Aguinaldo," said Yankee Doodle, "and we have just come from the camp at Cavite."

"When will your army come, senor? We are so anxious to have the Spaniards leave."

"They will be here soon, senorita," he replied. "A part of them have already arrived, and when the others have landed the Spaniards will go, and will be seen no more in Manila. Do you know where the chief is?"

"No, senor, but he is that way somewhere," pointing up the road; "we see some of his men every day. They are fighting nearly all the time now."

Stopping there a half hour or so, eating freely of the delicious fruits that had been tendered them, the little party then started on their journey up the road and soon ran into a party of insurgents, who dashed out of the bushes on the roadside and surrounded them.

They were all armed and under the leadership of a native Filipino.

"Who are you, senor?" called out the native officer.

"Americanos," replied Yankee Doodle.

"What do you want here?"

"We want to see the chief, Aguinaldo."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"That is no business of yours," said Yankee Doodle; "I am sent to him by the American general."

His reply evidently surprised the native officer, who thought that his rank and the force that he had around him entitled him to be treated with a little more civility.

"It is my business to know, Senor Americano," he said.

"You are mistaken, *amigo*; it is your business to conduct us to the chief's headquarters and ask no questions, for my business is with him and not with you. I have a letter to deliver to him from the admiral of the American fleet."

"Oh, Dewey, Dewey," said the native officer. "We obey him, for he whipped the Spanish ships and broke the power of Spain in the Philippines. I will take you to the chief."

He turned on his heel and plunged into the bushes again, followed by his men.

"I guess we'd better go along, too," said Yankee Doodle to Joe and the sergeant.

"Yes, of course," assented Joe, and the three entered the bushes, and after going a little distance found themselves following a trail that seemed to run parallel with the main road.

They traveled it a couple of miles, after which they turned and crossed the road, entering upon another trail.

In a little while they found themselves in a camp with several thousand natives.

"By George, here's a crowd of 'em," said Yankee Doodle to the sergeant.

"Yes, and such a crowd! There is less order here than you'd find in a Sunday school picnic. I'll wager that they have no discipline or tactics."

"I won't bet with you," laughed Yankee Doodle; "but they look to me like men who would give an enemy some trouble."

They passed on through the camp in the direction of the headquarters of the chief, and were followed by hundreds of the natives, everyone carrying his weapon as though he never stacked it or laid it aside for any excuse whatever.

When it became known that they were Americans no little excitement was added, for everyone was anxious to know the cause of their appearance in their midst.

They found Aguinaldo occupying a large tent, which had evidently been captured from the enemy. He was well dressed in a uniform not unlike that used by the Spaniards, and was surrounded by quite an array of officers apparently belonging to his staff.

He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, with a pleasing countenance and affable manner.

"General," said Yankee Doodle, after saluting him, "I bring you a letter from Admiral Dewey," and he handed the missive over to the young chief, who

quickly opened and read it, for it had been translated into Spanish before it was given to Yankee Doodle.

The admiral merely commended Yankee Doodle to his consideration as a young soldier in whom the admiral of the fleet and the general of the army reposed implicit confidence.

"What do you wish?" the chief asked when he finished reading the letter.

"Simply to spend a few days in your camp, and witness your operations against the Spanish."

The chief smiled and said that as most of the fighting was in the bushes they couldn't see anything without running much risk of being killed.

"We are used to that sort of thing, chief," laughed Yankee Doodle, "for we have been fighting Spaniards in Cuba, and have met them in the bushes at such close quarters that we even crossed swords with them."

"You are very young," said the chief, looking him over from head to feet.

"Very true, chief," he assented, "but I grow older every day I live!"

"We all do," dryly returned the chief.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR IN THE BUSHES.

It soon became known among the officers in and about the insurgent headquarters that Yankee Doodle and his two comrades had been sent by Admiral Dewey to watch the operations of their forces against the Spaniards.

It didn't take Yankee Doodle long to find out that Aguinaldo was a man of marked ability. His parents had intended him for the priesthood, and his education had been shaped to that end. He had been sent to Madrid to complete his education, and there he learned to estimate Spanish character and Spanish diplomacy at their true value.

On his return to the island he flatly refused to enter holy orders, and told his father, who was a native chief of great influence, that he preferred other avocations.

It was now believed that he had made up his mind to spend his life in an effort to free his native land from Spanish domination.

Perhaps it would be well enough right here to give the reader some idea of his indomitable courage and character.

When somewhere about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, in company with a few other spirits like himself, he incited an insurrection. The Spanish authorities at once sent forces against him and compelled him to retreat to the hills of the interior. There he rallied a force of three or four thousand natives around him, with which he began onslaughts on Spanish outposts, capturing several of them, and spreading considerable alarm among the others.

He was shrewd enough not to pitch his poorly armed forces against any considerable number of the

trained forces of Spain, but dodged them and carried on a warfare among the hills, cutting off Spanish detachments and so harassing the captain-general that at last the latter, in order to get rid of him, offered twenty-five thousand dollars for his head.

Many thousand circulars containing the reward offered were printed and scattered throughout the island in the hope of inciting the cupidity of any treacherous individuals who would assassinate him and claim it.

The young chief obtained one of the circulars and wrote on the back of it that he was very much in need of twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, and would deliver his head himself and claim the reward.

He sent it to the captain-general by a trusty messenger, whom he instructed to deliver it in person.

The captain-general received it, but paid little attention to it. A few weeks after that he was seated in his private office in the heart of the city, while a great tropical storm was raging without.

Everything was quiet as in a cemetery, as every human being had sought shelter from the storm, when a man in the garb of a priest applied at the palace gate, and was admitted, for nothing is refused to the monks.

The captain-general was seated at his desk when the priest entered with the remark:

"Peace be with you, my son."

"Peace be with you, father," replied the captain-general. "What can I do for you?"

The monk then pushed the cowl back from his head, revealing the well-known features of the daring young chief, Aguinaldo.

"I have brought you my head," said he, "for which you have offered twenty-five thousand dollars in gold. Please count the money, and be quick about it."

A gleaming dagger in the hand of the young chief told the captain-general that a refusal, or an attempt to raise an alarm would result in his death; so he quietly pulled out a drawer from his desk, counted out the money in gold coin, and handed it over without a word.

"Now, keep your seat there," said Aguinaldo, "for I do not wish to harm you unless you force me to do so."

"Very well," said the captain-general, and the daring young fellow backed towards the door, which he opened by reaching around behind him, passed quickly through it, and closed it after him.

In less than five seconds a bullet crashed through the panel of the door, fired from a revolver snatched from the desk by the captain-general, who sprang to his feet and rushed forward in pursuit. Flinging the door open the captain-general gave the alarm, and officers rushed from other apartments who made a vain search for the daring intruder.

But he was not found, and no one was found who had seen him pass out.

The captain-general swore in his choicest Spanish,

and vowed that he would smash the impudent young chief, even if it cost the lives of half the Spanish soldiers in Manila.

But his threats were easier uttered than executed, for the next he heard of Aguinaldo he was again at the head of his forces waging unrelenting war against the troops sent to oppose him.

At last he was compelled to resort to the old Spanish method of buying off men he could not otherwise dispose of. He sent a trusted messenger to Aguinaldo, offering him the sum of two hundred thousand dollars in gold, and his lieutenant one hundred thousand dollars, if they would abandon the field and leave the island.

Aguinaldo and his lieutenant accepted the offer, on condition that certain reforms should be at once instituted. The captain-general promptly accepted the conditions and promised to send the money to a certain point where it was to be paid over.

By some secret means known only to himself Aguinaldo learned that the captain-general had hired two assassins to kill him and his lieutenant on the night of the very day on which the money was paid over, and the money thus treacherously captured was to be the reward of the assassins.

The next day, however, the two assassins were found dead on the spot where it was expected that the dead bodies of Aguinaldo and his lieutenant would be lying.

Aguinaldo retired from the island in accordance with his agreement, and, soon after, the captain-general was recalled to Madrid.

Aguinaldo retired to Hong Kong, where he remained until Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet. Then he asked permission of the American consul to return to the island to organize the natives for the purpose of co-operating with Dewey and any American forces that might arise later for the reduction of Manila.

After several interviews with Dewey, the latter furnished him with arms and ammunition, and he set out at once to bring about a rising of the natives.

He was successful to a marked degree, for he issued a proclamation to his countrymen, in which he told them that by the co-operation of the Americans their oppressors for three centuries could easily be driven from the Philippines forever.

They rallied to his standard, armed with machetes and other rude native weapons, thirsting for vengeance.

Such was the character of Aguinaldo, the insurgent chief, who was now hemming the Spaniards in on all sides, while the American fleet held possession of the water front.

After his interview with the young chief, Yankee Doodle and his two comrades made themselves at home in the camp, and were treated with distinguished consideration by the natives.

They saw much that gave them food for thought as well as excuses to laugh. Above all things they recognized the fact that they were a dangerous

element to reckon with in a fight, for they were swift, quiet, yet deadly in the use of the machete.

In strolling about the camp they noticed that hundreds of the natives carried straight pieces of bamboo which measured about eight feet long, by an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. They looked harmless enough at first glance, and the two boys wondered what use the natives put them to.

Joe took one of them from a native and looked at it. He held it up and peeped through it, to find that the joints had been burned out in such a way as to make it as smooth inside as that of a gun barrel. Had it been bored in a machine shop where gun barrels were made, it could not have had a better finish inside than it did.

"What do you do with it?" he asked the native.

"It is a blow-gun," was the reply.

"A blow-gun, eh? It doesn't look like a gun at all."

The native grinned good naturedly, and took from a little bag hanging to his belt, a sharp iron spike four or five inches long, at one end of which was a wad of hemp, so closely woven and tied tightly about the end, as to make it smooth, hard, and yet pliable.

He inserted it in the breech, or big end of the bamboo, and then pointed to a gay plumaged bird perched high up in one of the trees some thirty or forty rods from where they were standing.

He then placed the bamboo to his mouth, pointed the other end in the direction of the bird, and blew into it so hard that his cheeks puffed out like bladders and his eyes bulged.

Joe heard a puff from the farther end of the bamboo, and the next moment the bird came fluttering down through the branches of the tree, and was picked up by one of the natives and brought to him.

The bird was dead, impaled on the iron spike.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Joe; "I've read of blow-guns, but this is the first I ever saw. Can you kill a man with it?"

"Yes, senor, if I hit him in the right place. It is intended more for small game than anything else, but it would kill a man if you hit him in the ear, the temple or eye. Or he can be stabbed to the heart or be hit with a number of them, that would cause him to bleed to death."

"Let me see it," said Yankee Doodle, taking it from Joe's hands.

"It seems incredible," said Joe, "that one can blow with force enough to kill anything."

"Oh, it's on the principle of the air-gun," said Yankee Doodle; "the range isn't very great, but it must be very effective at close quarters."

They then put up a target on a decayed tree by the roadside, and had the natives give specimens of marksmanship with the blow-gun at a distance of fifty yards.

To their utter astonishment their marksmanship with the blow-gun far exceeded in accuracy the aim of the best riflemen in the whole insurgent army. That and the club had been the weapons of the natives of

the Philippines for untold ages. They were in use when the island was first discovered by European navigators, more than three hundred years ago.

"Say," said Joe, "when I return home to America I want to take one of these things home with me. I used to have a tin blow-gun with putty balls when at school, and thought it was fun to pepper the other boys, and occasionally the teacher, with it; but here's something that can knock a fellow over."

"Oh, you couldn't knock anybody over with it," laughed Yankee Doodle, "because these natives can throw five times more force into it than you can, having been used to them all their lives."

"They must all be blowhards out here," said Joe.

"I guess they are," laughed the other.

"Well, if they can beat the blowhards we've got in America they must be great."

"Oh, there are blowers and blowers," remarked Yankee Doodle, "but this is a case where a man's blowing brings down the game, which isn't always the case with our blowhards at home."

"I guess you're right about that," assented Joe; "but I'd like to see one of these fellows touch up a Spaniard with a blow-gun, for I think I would laugh myself into a fit at seeing him jump. I wonder if any Spaniards have been killed with them?"

Yankee Doodle made the inquiry, and learned that hundreds had been wounded and a good many killed by the blow-gun when hit in a vital spot. One or two spikes driven into a man would be pretty apt to retire him from a fight. It is certainly a great weapon to use in the bushes, where no report can be heard or flash seen.

One of the native officers showed them a number of those singular bamboo weapons that had descended from sire to son for several generations, and they were as good then as when first made.

That night the two slept in hammocks which some of the officers of Aguinaldo's staff provided for them, and the next morning they feasted sumptuously on tropical fruits for breakfast. They had scarcely finished the meal when desultory firing was heard out on the left, followed a little later by several discharges of artillery.

"Are we to have a battle to-day?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"We fight nearly every day, senior."

"Does anybody get hurt?"

"Yes, senior. Many are killed and hurt almost every day. But we hope to keep it up until the Spaniards are willing to leave."

"Let's go out there, boys," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the sergeant and Joe, "and see how they do this thing," and accompanied by one of the native officers, they passed through about half a mile of heavy undergrowth, when they suddenly came upon a spot where the bushes were crowded with the swarthy natives, who were peppering away at the Spaniards in their line of intrenchments.

They were so thick in the bushes that Yankee

Doodle could not help wondering why the Spaniards didn't drop a few shrapnel shells into their midst.

As he was moving along among them, looking for a place from which he could see the Spanish line without exposing himself to the aim of any marksman, a Mauser bullet whizzed by within an inch of his nose, and about the same time the sergeant had his coat cut by another.

"This is a good place to get killed," said Joe.

"I don't think so," returned the sergeant. "It's a bad place to get killed."

"As to that," said Joe, "do you know of a place anywhere that is good for a man to get killed?"

"Can't say that I do. The truth is, I'm not looking for a burial place anywhere."

Just at that moment a native passed the sergeant, reeling like a drunken man, a Mauser bullet having gone entirely through him.

"That's one poor fellow done for," he remarked.

"There they are!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, when he reached a spot where he could gain a glimpse of the intrenchments not more than two hundred yards away.

Joe and the sergeant both took a good look, and noticed the Spaniards peering over the breastworks, eagerly watching for a glimpse of an insurgent in the bushes.

At the same time the natives were popping away at them on the right and left.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" growled the sergeant; "they're wasting more good ammunition than I have ever seen done before in all my life. If anybody is hit on either side it is a mere accident."

"It was the same way in Cuba," remarked Yankee Doodle, "for I've seen a thousand Spaniards fire a volley without hitting a man."

Just then a big, brawny Filipino, armed with a Mauser, stepped up by the side of the sergeant and aimed at a Spanish soldier whose head and shoulders were exposed above the breastworks.

He fired, and the sergeant watched the Spaniard.

The latter stood unmoved, Mauser in hand, looking around for a chance shot.

"Can't you hit him?" he asked the Filipino.

"I have shot five times at him, Senior Americano."

"Then you don't know how to shoot," remarked the sergeant. "Let me show you; I've got nothing against that fellow, but just now it's the duty of American soldiers to kill any Spaniard found with arms in his hands. Now just watch me."

The sergeant was armed with the Springfield rifle, which had but little over half the range of a Mauser, but for five or six hundred yards it is very effective.

He raised it to his shoulder, aimed quickly and fired.

The Spaniard's gun fell from his hands, both of which clutched aimlessly at space, and then he sank down out of sight behind the intrenchments.

An exclamation of delight burst from the Filipino, whilst the sergeant remarked in Spanish:

"That's the way to do it."

Just a few feet to the right of the place where the Spaniard had been shot another arose to fire into the bushes.

Quick as a flash the sergeant drew a bead on him and knocked his hat off his head.

"You hit his hat, *Senor Americano*," said the Filipino.

"Yes; and his head, too. He's a dead Spaniard."

CHAPTER V.

"THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT."—THE FIGHT ON THE RIGHT.

"WHAT are you doing, sergeant?" Yankee Doodle asked, turning around just as the former had fired the second shot.

"I was just showing this fellow here how to kill Spaniards."

"Did you hit one?"

"Of course I did; I hit two. Do you want to try your hand at it?"

"It looks like murder," said Yankee Doodle, "to aim at a fellow and knock him over that way."

"So it does," assented the sergeant, "but there is no law to hang a man for this kind of murder. They're shooting at us and why shouldn't we shoot at them?" and with that he aimed quickly and knocked off another hat from the head of a man who was just rising behind the intrenchment to fire.

He dropped back and was seen no more.

"Come," said Yankee Doodle, "let us go along further down the line and see what we can find of interest."

"Isn't this interesting enough for you?" Joe asked.

"Interesting enough, yes; but it is becoming monotonous. I want to see if it's the same thing all along the line."

They started off, and had gone perhaps twenty-five or thirty paces when a shell from the Spanish batteries tore through the bushes about ten feet in front of them, exploding nearly the eighth of a mile beyond.

"Look out!" said Joe. "We are in front of that battery, and if you run up against one of their shells you'll have to be carried back in a basket."

They wended their way along for nearly half a mile, to the extreme right wing of the insurgent line, where a pretty brisk fight had been going on for nearly an hour.

Beyond that point there was an open space for quite a distance, but the Filipinos were very careful not to pass out into full view of the enemy, whose line of intrenchments stretched away to the east until it was lost over a small range of hills.

Several dead and wounded Filipinos were found lying in the bushes, for the Spaniards had paid particular attention to that spot, knowing that the Filipinos had made it the limit of their line.

The officer in command had gone away with two bullet holes in him, and the natives there were really fighting on their own hook, without orders from anyone.

Somehow they got the news that the three new-

comers were *Americanos*, and the impression made by their presence was wonderful. They shouted in Spanish "*Viva Americano!*" and it was taken up along the line for a distance of several hundred yards.

The Spaniards themselves heard it, and thought that the insurgents had been reinforced by American soldiers. They at once redoubled their fire, as they believed the Americans were the prime cause of all their woes.

"Say, boys," said Yankee Doodle, "this is getting hot."

"So it is," said the sergeant, "and we'd better get away from here."

"Oh, that'll never do," returned Yankee Doodle, "as it'd leave the impression on the minds of these fellows here that we are afraid. We must never let them see that we are afraid of bullets. Now let us give them a few examples of American marksmanship," and they began picking off Spaniards who were exposing themselves rather recklessly, and as one after another dropped the natives began to howl with joy, cheering for the Americans.

It was kept up for about five minutes and had the effect to cause the Spaniards to drop down behind the breastworks for a distance of two or three hundred yards on the right and left.

"We've made 'em sick," chuckled the sergeant.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle; "they think there are more of us out here than there are, and are not disposed to risk themselves recklessly to our fire."

The Spaniards were silent for nearly ten minutes, and then suddenly all along the line they rose to their feet, delivered a volley of three or four hundred rifles into the bushes and instantly dropped out of sight again.

Nearly a score of natives were hit, while bullets flew like hail all around the three Americans.

"By George!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "they played that pretty well, and that's where they've got the advantage of us. There are enough out there for them to touch elbows when they rise up to fire. Still, if I had five hundred fellows behind me who would obey orders promptly, I'd lead 'em over those breastworks right after the next volley."

"Well," said Joe, "you can't do it with these fellows, for they fight pretty much as the Indians do, so far as I can see—every man on his own hook."

"Yes," assented Yankee Doodle, "the Cubans fight the same way. If those fellows give us another volley like that and fire low, they'll play the deuce with us."

"Why not tell 'em to lie down?" suggested the sergeant.

"I believe I will," and he turned and called out:

"Filipinos, lie down on the ground, so their bullets will go over you, and be ready to fire when they show their heads again!"

As far as he could see every Filipino fell flat on the ground, and lay in readiness to fire when the Spaniards should again show themselves. The bushes were so thick, however, that Yankee Doodle could

not see more than ten or fifteen feet to the right or left of him. But all whom he did see had obeyed the order promptly, and were waiting to get a chance at the enemy.

"We'd better lie down ourselves," he remarked to Joe and the sergeant, and all three prostrated themselves just in time to escape the next volley.

The bullets tore through the bushes like hail, but not a Filipino was hit.

The next moment a roaring volley burst from the bushes, and a number of Spaniards were knocked over before they could dodge down behind the breastworks.

The Filipinos were heard chuckling all along the line, and a few moments later sent up the cry again:

"*Viva Americanos!*"

"You've made a hit with them," said the sergeant.

"I hope I have," he replied, "for it is a pity to see the poor fellows slaughtered this way. I can't see for the life of me, though, why Aguinaldo keeps up this sort of thing, when he will not be permitted to take the city. He could do just as effective work by blockading all the land approaches and thus starve out the town and garrison."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sergeant; "that fellow Aguinaldo is a dangerous chap, and if he can take the city with his own men he'll do it."

"Do you think so?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Yes I do; he's a deep fellow, was educated in Spain, and I'll bet he's as tricky as any man who was ever born under Spanish rule."

"I never thought of that," remarked Yankee Doodle, both of them speaking in English. "Hanged if I don't think you're more than half right."

"I'm a good deal more than half right, pard; there's no telling how many thousands of men he's got in these woods, but there are enough of them to put the idea into his head that he can have things his own way; and there are very few men who are willing to lay down authority that they think they can hold in spite of opposition. These people here know him, have confidence in him, and when we have driven the Spaniards out you'll find that we will have to reckon with him. We'll have to give him what he wants or he'll sound his war-cry and there'll be the old Harry to pay."

"Why, what in thunder put that idea into your head, sergeant?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Oh, I was sizing him up all the time you were talking to him. It seemed to me he was thinking and planning something else all the time. He is playing a game of his own, and we are helping him do it, while at the same time he is helping Dewey and Uncle Sam play the game against Spain. When that game is played, and Spain is out, Aguinaldo will ask the question, 'Where do I come in?'"

A great flood of light seemed to flash upon Yankee Doodle, and he pondered for many minutes over what the sergeant had said. Then he quietly remarked:

"You may be right, sergeant, but don't say anything about it to anybody else, and we'll watch him from that standpoint."

"All right, pard," assented the sergeant. "I'll keep mum, but you keep your eye on the chief."

By that time the Spaniards were ready to deliver another volley. They rose up almost as one man all along the line for two or three hundred yards, and let fly a tremendous shower of Mauser bullets in the direction of the bushes. The natives answered quickly, but Yankee Doodle was unable to perceive that anyone of them was hit.

Suddenly Joe sung out that a squadron of cavalry was sweeping down on them from the right.

Yankee Doodle sprang up and ran over to where Joe was standing in a thick clump of bushes. He saw a quarter of a mile away a party of some two or three hundred Spanish horse sweeping towards them in splendid order.

"Filipinos!" he called out in Spanish, "the cavalry are coming. Come up this way, open fire on them, and keep it up as fast as you can."

"Oh, they can't repel a charge like that," said Joe. "we must get away from here."

"You're mistaken," said Yankee Doodle. "A man on horseback presents a target three times the size of a man on foot, and as they are coming in a body if we fire low we can repulse them."

"Maybe we can," said Joe, "but I'm going to hold both my feet in readiness to skip out."

The Filipinos, though, rallied quickly in the bushes around Yankee Doodle, who called out to them:

"Keep cool, Filipinos, and fire low and as fast as you can, but don't fall back until I tell you."

By this time the cavalry were within three hundred yards. Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant raised their rifles and picked off three men, who tumbled headlong to the ground.

"Aim low now, men," said Yankee Doodle again, and three hundred Mauser rifles began popping away at them.

They came in such shape that it was almost impossible to miss hitting man or beast.

Many Spaniards were seen to reel, and others to fall, whilst horses, wounded, reared and plunged wildly, greatly impeding the progress of those behind them.

In the meantime the Spaniards behind the trenches rose up again, and poured another volley into the bushes. A score or more of the natives were hit, but the others kept on pumping lead into the approaching cavalry.

Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant never missed a man, and they dropped four or five each within as many minutes.

Still they pressed on until they were within a hundred yards of the bushes, when Yankee Doodle was about to order the Filipinos to fall back into the heavy timber. But just then the Spaniards themselves wheeled and retreated, having suffered worse than ever before in a similar charge against the natives.

"There they go!" yelled Yankee Doodle. "Let 'em have it Filipinos!" and the swarthy fellows ut-

terly reckless of the fire that was pouring into them from the trenches kept blazing away at the retreating cavalymen until they were out of range.

On seeing the cavalry retreat the Spaniards behind the breastworks dropped down out of sight again.

"Say, old man," said Yankee Doodle, slapping Joe on the back, "why didn't you run away?"

"I was going to," was the reply, "but the other fellows ran first. But just look back here in the bushes, will you?"

Yankee Doodle looked back, and was both pained and astonished at seeing so many dead and wounded Filipinos in his vicinity.

The fire from the breastworks had been very destructive, as the Filipinos were on their feet at the time firing at the cavalry, thus exposing themselves to the flank fire of the enemy.

"It's too bad," he remarked to Joe and the sergeant. "We have repulsed the cavalry, but at a heavy cost. It will have a good effect, though, in the end; but I cannot understand, for the life of me, why Aguinaldo keeps this thing up as he does without throwing up any breastworks for their protection."

"It was the same in Cuba," remarked Joe, "where the insurgents were too lazy to cut down a tree or dig a trench. They are good at dodging among the bushes, or firing from under cover wherever they can find one."

"Yes, that's so," said Yankee Doodle; "and when Shafter asked Garcia to order his Cubans to help cut the road over the hills from the coast, he said that his men were soldiers, not laborers, and not one of them would wield an ax or a pick. In the history of military operations we find no mention of breastworks and fortifications being built by any nation except those who had trained military organization. Savages always fight from the bush, or else charge as a mob in overwhelming numbers and carry things by a rush. Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul showed that while the Roman legions protected themselves by intrenchments their assailants invariably fought just as these fellows have done to-day. I have no right to tell these natives to leave this position, but I intend to go back and tell Aguinaldo that he is recklessly throwing away the lives of his men in this sort of warfare," and with that he started back the way he and his two comrades had come, after warning the Filipinos to lie flat on the ground to avoid the bullets of the Spaniards.

They started along down the lines, and had gone about fifty yards when another volley from the intrenchments sent a storm of bullets tearing through the bushes all around them.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I felt the wind of at least half a dozen bullets on my face."

"So did I," said Joe. "Just look at this," and he took his hat off his head, held it up and showed three bullet holes. "That's what I call hot work."

"So it is," assented the sergeant. "I've got a hole in my hat, too, and one through my coat sleeve."

They pressed on, however, and were soon beyond the point where the Spaniards were firing by volleys. It took them nearly an hour to reach the headquarters of the chief, for the young native officer who had started out with them was nowhere to be found. He had probably been killed.

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE DOODLE IS OFFERED A COMMAND BY THE INSURGENT CHIEF.

On reaching headquarters, Yankee Doodle at once sought out the chief, whom he found surrounded by a number of native officers, receiving reports of the fighting all along the line.

The first thing to attract his attention was the cool, deliberate manner of the chief as he listened to the news brought to him by subordinate officers. He gave his directions as though it was an every-day business with him, apparently caring little for the lives that had been sacrificed.

He, Joe and the sergeant stood silently by looking on and listening. The chief glanced over at them several times, with an expression on his face that seemed to say:

"Just see how I am doing this thing."

Finally he espied the bullet holes in the hats of the three Americans, and asked:

"Have you been in the fight, too?"

"Yes, chief," answered Yankee Doodle.

"Where were you?"

"On the extreme right."

"Ah, I have had no report from there," remarked the chief, "and have been wondering why. How did the fight go?"

"Your men hold the line yet," said Yankee Doodle, "but I think all the officers have been killed or wounded, and that is probably the reason why you have received no report. I took charge myself, and we repulsed a cavalry charge of some three hundred Spaniards."

"What!" exclaimed the chief, "did the Spaniards come out from behind their intrenchments?" and as he asked the question with a great deal of animation every officer turned and looked at Yankee Doodle to catch his answer.

"I don't know where they came from," said Yankee Doodle, "for the first we saw of them they were outside the breastworks coming over a hill from the direction of the city. They were about three hundred strong, and we had to turn and face them as they were coming square on our flank. I managed to hold the men together, ordering them to fire low and rapidly, which they did with steadiness of trained soldiers. But all the time they were exposed to a deadly fire from the intrenchments. We sent the cavalry flying, though, but I guess your heaviest loss in killed and wounded is at that point. I never saw bullets fly thicker anywhere in my life for about twenty minutes. With a thousand men we could have gone over the intrenchments and captured them."

"Yes, yes," said the chief, with a good deal of an-

imation, "and I would capture them had I not promised your admiral not to do so without his consent."

"Then why are you wasting the lives of your men, chief, in fighting where no result can follow?"

The question came with such startling directness, that every eye in the group was turned on the chief to see what effect it would have on him.

There was a half-savage expression in the eyes of Aguinaldo as he looked at Yankee Doodle for the space of a minute or two.

"What do you mean by 'no results,' Senor Americano?" he asked. "Have we not repulsed the enemy?"

"I mean this, chief: That the enemy still holds his position after a day's fighting, whilst several hundred of your brave men lie dead and wounded in the bushes. Had no shot been fired those men would still be alive, and the enemy be in the intrenchments just as he is now. True military science consists in whipping your enemy with as little loss of life as possible. If your promise to Admiral Dewey keeps you from taking the city, why are those men out there in the bushes dead and dying?"

The chief was staggered by the audacity of the youth, while the officers stood by, as though they expected to see the chief order him to be instantly shot.

The chief, however, remembering that Dewey had sent him there, dared not even utter a word that could be construed as offensive.

The truth is, he is a man of wonderful self-possession. Said he, very coolly:

"Senor Americano, we must fight in order to keep the enemy where he is, and teach our people their power when pitted against him."

"Pardon me, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "I have no desire whatever to criticise your management, and when I asked the question I did so without thinking. I am too good a soldier to criticise my superior officers."

"Yes, Senor Americano," replied the chief, "I was surprised at the question myself. At the same time you are at perfect liberty to express your opinion freely about all that you have seen. My people are not trained soldiers, but they know how to obey orders, and are willing to fight just as long as a Spanish soldier is in sight."

"Very true, chief, and the lives of such men should not be sacrificed except in an effort to attain a great object, and as your promise to the admiral prevents your taking the city by storm, every life lost in this sort of fighting is uselessly thrown away. When the American army is ready to strike you will be asked to lead your brave men shoulder to shoulder with ours, and the city will fall. Then you will need all your men who have fallen in the fighting this day. If you moved your lines back out of range of the Spanish arms, and fortified it as they have theirs, you would shut them up so completely that none could come out or any go in. Then time would do the rest, for an army without provisions must starve to death or surrender."

"Very true, Senor Americano, but my people would not be satisfied to lie in sight of the enemy without fighting. They have long stood in awe of the Spanish armies, and this daily fighting increases their confidence in themselves, which in the end will be worth more to us than the lives it costs. At the same time we are inflicting daily a heavy loss upon the enemy. Do you know when your army will be ready to move?"

"No, chief, but it will move as soon as sufficient numbers have arrived to enable them to strike an effective blow. If you should consult with General Anderson or the admiral, they would probably suggest to you that instead of this daily fighting you strengthen and hold your line to prevent the enemy from escaping, and quietly wait till they are ready to strike."

"It is the business of your general," said the chief, "to come to me for consultation."

"Oh, no, chief," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head. "You represent no government, though you are fighting to establish one. It is not the custom of nations to recognize a flag that represents no government."

"Then I will establish a government," said the chief, almost fiercely.

"You forget, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "that any government you may establish, must be recognized by other governments before it can have any status. I am not here to advise you, for you know a great deal more than I do. Our people are here on these islands as the enemies of Spain, and, with you, are trying to drive Spanish power forever from this part of the world. A common enemy makes us common friends. If, when Spain is whipped, the American government decides that you and your people shall govern yourselves, all other governments will promptly welcome you among the nations of the earth. If you will permit me to do so, I would advise that you see General Anderson, and either offer co-operation or ask for it; and as he has a government with unlimited resources behind him, it would be better for you and your people that you shape your course entirely in accordance with his wishes. At the same time neither he nor the admiral has any desire to interfere with you further than to hold you to your promise not to take the city of Manila before the American army itself is ready to do so. The admiral himself is under a promise to the consuls of other nations not to force the surrender of the city before the arrival of the American army. So you see he is bound by promises as well as yourself. He certainly has no desire to deprive you of the glory of its capture, for he is willing to share it with you when the time comes. The war-ships of other powerful nations are anchored in the bay watching the course of events, hence the courtesy shown the representatives of other powers by the admiral."

The interview ended there and Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant went in search of something to eat, as all three were ravenously hungry.

"See here," said the sergeant in an undertone to Yankee Doodle, "I think you have played the very deuce with what you have said to the chief."

"I think so, too," added Joe.

"Maybe I have," he replied, "but it seems to me it was time for somebody to tell him the truth, and as I did so in my individual capacity nobody but myself is responsible for it."

"Very true," said the sergeant, "and that alone may prevent trouble."

"Of course; nothing that I may say will be binding upon the general or admiral. But if he goes on sacrificing the lives of his soldiers in this way, it would be a kindness to the natives for somebody to shoot him. But let me tell you that Aguinaldo is many miles from being a fool. He looks at things from a native standpoint rather than from one of international law."

At that moment an officer joined them, who told them if they would follow him he would see that they had plenty to eat and drink.

"All right," said Yankee Doodle. "Just now I am more interested in my private commissary department than anything else," and they followed the officer through the bushes a little distance to where stood a Filipino farm-house, which was being used by many of the officers as a headquarters.

There they had all they could eat of fruit and army rations that had evidently been captured from the Spaniards somewhere.

By the time they had finished their meal another officer arrived, whom Yankee Doodle recognized as one who was standing near the chief during his interview with him.

"The chief wishes to see you," said the new-comer.

"What's up?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"The men on the right have asked the chief that you be sent back there to help them fight."

"The deuce they have!"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I think the chief intends to offer you the command of the line at that point."

"If he does I shall refuse," said Yankee Doodle, very emphatically, "for there is nothing to fight for, unless the Spaniards should come out and attack."

They returned with the officer and found that the chief was entirely alone, having sent his officers away as though he did not desire they should hear what passed between them.

"You sent for me, chief," said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, Senor Americano. My people on the right have asked for you, saying that you know how to fight and what should be done in time of danger. All the officers out there have been slain. If you will take command there I will be glad to have you do so, for the presence of American soldiers puts new hearts into my people."

"Pardon me, chief," he replied. "I cannot do so unless you allow me to use my own discretion. It is a useless waste of life to fight without an object. As you are not permitted to assault the city, you should

simply blockade it and prevent supplies and reinforcements from reaching it by moving back and forming a line, and let the enemy make the attack instead of doing so yourself."

The chief seemed puzzled, and very far from pleased. The truth is he was extremely anxious to win military glory for himself by constant fighting and harassing the Spaniards. But at that time Yankee Doodle did not fully understand his motive.

"I will go out there," said Yankee Doodle, "and post the men at a point where they will not suffer from Spanish fire, and tell them to keep quiet and wait for the enemy to come out from their intrenchments where they can have a fair whack at them, after which I will return to American headquarters and report what I have seen, and ask permission to come back to help you in the fight."

That seemed to please the chief more than anything else, and he readily assented to it.

The three at once returned to the right wing of the insurgent position, where they found the Filipinos attending to their wounded, and occasionally exchanging shots with the enemy.

They received them with a great deal of enthusiasm, which he instantly checked by saying that cheering would draw the fire of the intrenchments. He suggested to them that their dead be buried and the wounded taken away to a place of safety, and they set about the work with a great deal of alacrity.

As soon as the dead and wounded were removed, he ordered the Filipinos to fall back a safe distance, to a place where the woods were more open, and it was there he was enabled to find out how many of the natives were on hand at that point.

There were several hundred of them, all eager to fight. They seemed to have no idea of military tactics, other than to attack the enemy when in sight.

"Now, Filipinos," said he, "you have asked the chief to send us back here, and we are here to tell you what should be done in order to whip the Spaniards with as little loss of life to yourselves as possible. They have the advantage of you in being behind breastworks, which protects them from your bullets, whilst the bushes afford you no protection whatever. Now you must let them come out from behind their breastworks so you can have a fair show in the fight. They may not come out soon, but if you prevent them from receiving provisions from the country they will have to come out and fight or else starve. If they do come out then you have a chance to cut them to pieces."

He was going to suggest to them to form intrenchments themselves, but they had no picks and shovels with which to do the work, so he said nothing about it, being satisfied to keep them out of range of the enemy's Mausers.

He then called up a number of them and told them they were to go back down to the edge of the clearing in front of the enemy's intrenchments to act as scouts, but not to expose themselves in any way—that they

must simply watch the Spaniards and send word back as to what they were doing.

By this time night was coming on, and the three resolved to stay there until the next morning. Soon after the sun went down a native came in from over the hill some distance in the rear of the right wing, with the report that the Spaniards were making a raid out into the country between there and the bay on the north side of the city, and that the families of the residents along that road were fleeing to the woods for safety.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESTIZO GIRL—TERRIBLE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

ON hearing the report of the native, Yankee Doodle turned to the sergeant and Joe, and remarked in English :

"It would be worse than useless to make any move during the night, as we know nothing about the strength of the raiding party, and these fellows here have no organization or discipline. We might lead them into more trouble than they are in now, and make even more for ourselves.

"You're right," said the sergeant. "We had better wait until morning when you can get reports that are more definite than what this fellow has brought in."

"Say," said Joe, "why not take two or three of them with us and go over that way ourselves. What do you say, sergeant?"

"I'm willing," assented the sergeant.

"So am I," added Yankee Doodle, who proceeded at once to select half a dozen stalwart natives to go with them. He instructed the men to remain where they were until they returned, after which the little party started off through the woods, following a trail that led in a northwesterly direction.

After tramping for nearly a couple of hours they approached the main road, along which were many farm-houses owned by Mestizo families, all of whom they found in a state of great alarm.

They stopped at the house of a well-to-do family where all the inmates were assembled out on the piazza, ready to fly to the woods on the first glimpse of the enemy.

Their appearance threw them almost into a panic, but one of the natives called out to them that they were friends.

"Where are the Spaniards, senorita?" Yankee Doodle asked of a very beautiful girl standing in the moonlight.

She turned and looked at him in no little astonishment, and said :

"They are down the road somewhere, senor." Then in the next breath exclaimed : "You are not a Filipino?"

"No, senorita ; three of us here are Americanos."

On hearing that the entire family group gathered around them, eagerly firing questions at them. Three or four families living close by had joined them, all in a state of great nervous excitement.

Yankee Doodle soon learned that none of the group had any definite idea as to the exact location of the Spaniards. They stated that two parties had passed during the afternoon, and took away all the cattle they could find. He estimated that but two companies had passed, and that others were still behind.

He sent two of the natives up the road, telling them to go a mile or two, and that he and the others would wait there at the house to hear from them.

Their presence had the effect to quiet the nervousness of the women, and pretty soon they were all quietly seated about the piazza talking over the events of the day.

The young girl to whom Yankee Doodle was talking was both beautiful and vivacious.

She told him he was the first Americano she had ever seen, and that she had been told by Spanish officers that all Americanos were cruel and brutal, who shot their prisoners and killed women and children in all wars in which they were engaged.

• He laughed at her stories and assured her that none of them were true ; that in America, more than anywhere else in the world, was woman esteemed and appreciated as being really the better part of mankind.

They had been conversing for more than an hour, when a party of Spaniards, some twelve or fifteen in number, stealthily approached the house and surrounded it.

One of the natives who accompanied Yankee Doodle was the first to discover their presence, exclaiming :

"*Caramba!* they are here!" and the next moment his machete flashed in the air and descended upon the head of one of the new-comers.

The women screamed and dashed into the house, except the young girl to whom Yankee Doodle had been talking. She, in her terror sprang to her feet, lost her balance and fell from the piazza, a distance of three feet or more, right into the arms of one of the Spanish soldiers.

The Filipino who had cut down the Spaniard with his machete was instantly shot, and the next moment Joe, Yankee Doodle and the sergeant were down among the Spaniards with their revolvers.

The sergeant was an old plainsman who had served many years rounding up cattle and fighting the Apaches. The way he sailed in with a revolver in each hand showed that his experience with the red men of the West was the salvation of the little party that night.

His revolvers cracked with a rapidity that can be compared to nothing but a pack of firecrackers exploding.

Yankee Doodle and Joe were doing their best at the same time.

The Spaniards being armed only with the Mauser rifle were at a great disadvantage in such close quarters with the revolvers.

The first shot that Yankee Doodle fired dropped the Spaniard who had caught the Mestizo maiden around the waist. The next moment his left arm was sup-

porting her, while with his right hand he was emptying his revolver with almost lightning rapidity.

In less than two minutes' time from the first appearance of the Spaniards they were practically wiped out. The revolvers in the hands of the three Americans were too much for them.

The four natives with their machetes did effective work also, but one of them fell at the first fire and was dead, being the only one in the little party who was hurt.

Strange to say, the young girl whom Yankee Doodle rescued never lost her presence of mind.

"Oh, *Senor Americano*," said she, when the firing had ceased, "I was so frightened. Have they all gone away?"

"No, *senorita*; some of them are still here—wounded. Those that are dead have gone away, but I don't know where."

"I reckon they have gone to the Spaniards' heaven," chuckled the sergeant, who was hurriedly putting fresh cartridges into his two revolvers.

"I guess Spaniards have no heaven," said Joe.

The young girl disengaged herself from Yankee Doodle's grasp, saying as she did so:

"*Senor*, you and your friends have saved our lives!"

"I don't know, *senorita*," he replied; "but we must leave here at once, for the sound of our shots will bring more of them down upon us."

"Then we must go, too, *senor*," and she dashed into the house to tell the other women what he had said.

The women proceeded at once to gather up such things as they wished to save, ran out on the piazza, and were about to dash in the direction of the woods, a few hundred yards away in the rear of the place, when the sergeant called out:

"Better wait and all go together."

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle; "we must take the rifles and cartridge belts of these fellows with us."

They were quickly gathered up, and the women themselves, who were not loaded down with household effects, offered to carry some of them, so as to leave the men free to defend them.

They had gone scarcely fifty yards from the house ere a company of Spanish soldiers dashed up and began firing at them. Bullets whistled all around them, and two of the women and a little girl were slightly wounded.

They ran as fast as they could, the women screaming with terror, until they reached the edge of the woods. There Yankee Doodle called out to Joe, the sergeant and the three natives:

"Now let's stop here behind these three trees, and give them a dose of their own stuff."

Each one sprang to a tree and began peppering away at the Spaniards, who were exposed in the clear moonlight in the open some fifty or sixty yards away.

The three Americans didn't throw away a bullet, but fired with a rapidity that made the impression on

the minds of the enemy that they had run up against reinforcements.

They fired three or four rounds, and then retreated back towards the house. Just as they started the young girl whom Yankee Doodle had rescued appeared at his side, and opened fire with the Mauser she was carrying with a steadiness that astonished him.

He was sure that he saw one Spaniard fall as the result of her aim, and exclaimed:

"Good! good! *senorita*!"

"Oh, *Senor Americano*!" she cried, "they have shot mother and my little sister," and she kept blazing away until the charges in the Mauser were all used up.

The Spaniards retreated behind the house for shelter, and the firing ceased. A few minutes later a bright light told that the torch had been applied, and the women and children wrung their hands out there under the dark shadows of the woods, as they witnessed the destruction of their loved home.

It was more than two hundred yards away, yet when the bright glare of the burning building revealed the form of a Spanish soldier the deadly aim of the three Americans dropped a half dozen of them, which loss caused them to quickly beat a retreat until they were out of sight.

During all this time the young girl remained steadfastly by the side of Yankee Doodle, speaking only when she was spoken to. Finally she said, when he had complimented her on her courage:

"*Senor Americano*, never before in my life have I so wished to be a man. They have burned down the home in which I was born, and where I have always been as happy as a bird. Now I feel savage as a fiend; I would kill, kill, with all the fury of a wild beast."

"I can't blame you, *senorita*; but you must let your countrymen do the killing for you while you devote your time and all the tenderness of your nature to healing the wounds they may receive in battle. It is woman's mission to bind up wounds instead of making them."

They sat there in the woods the greater part of the night, gazing at the glare of other burning buildings, whilst Yankee Doodle sent couriers back for five hundred Filipinos to come to him at once.

They arrived a little after midnight and were told what had happened.

"Now, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, as they were mustered out in the moonlight, "they are too many to handle in one body; we will divide them into three parties of something like one hundred and fifty each, for you and Joe and I to lead. Then we will dash out up the road and see if we cannot cut off one or two of those companies that have been doing this mischief."

"All right," said the sergeant; "I'm with you."

"So am I," added Joe; and the work of dividing off the command was quickly done.

The natives were told that above all things they must obey every order they hear.

Yankee Doodle then instructed the women and children to remain in the woods where they were until the Spaniards had been settled with, after which he gave the order to march. The entire force, in three separate parties, rushed across the open field in the direction of the main road.

Just as they were about to strike the road, Yankee Doodle was astonished to find the young girl still at his side, rifle in hand.

"Great Scott, senorita!" he exclaimed, "this is no place for you, you must go back."

"No, senor, I will go with you," she replied, with a ring of firmness in her tone that forbade any further protest on his part.

Out on the great road they turned northward in the direction of where the flames were just bursting through another house that had been fired.

In less than five minutes a party of about one hundred and twenty-five Spaniards found themselves surrounded by nearly five hundred Filipinos. They tried to cut their way through, but without success, for in the light of the burning house every man of them was exposed to the deadly aim of Mausers at a range of from thirty to fifty feet.

When two-thirds of them were down they attempted to retreat in another direction. Yankee Doodle ordered a charge with the machetes, and the most terrific hand-to-hand combat he had ever witnessed took place.

He seized the young girl around the waist and held her trembling form to prevent her getting mixed up in the struggling mass of combatants.

In ten minutes more the party of Spaniards was entirely wiped out, and the Filipinos, drunk with the blood they had shed, gave vent to wild triumphant war whoops.

"Say, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "these fellows are better fighters than the Cubans."

"You bet they are," assented Joe.

Yankee Doodle then turned to the young girl, still holding her trembling form close to his side, and said:

"Senorita, this excitement is too much for any woman to stand. You must return to your people, for the destruction of your home is amply avenged. I will go with you and see that you reach there safely."

"It may be avenged, Senor Americano," she replied, "but still we have no home, and everything but the land on which it stood has gone up in flame and smoke."

"It is the fortune of war, senorita. Thousands have suffered even worse, and you should be satisfied with having witnessed the terrible retribution that overtook the enemy."

Joe and the sergeant ordered the arms to be gathered as the trophies of the fight, and then to pick out their own killed and wounded.

They had lost about a dozen killed, with nearly thirty wounded, some seriously, but the majority of them slightly. Their dead and wounded were taken away with them, as they did not wish to have them

left in company with the Spaniards that lay so thick around them.

When they reached the woods where the women and children had taken shelter, the dead were very promptly buried, but the wounded were sent on to be cared for with the rest of Aguinaldo's forces.

When he tried to persuade the young girl to remain with her people, Yankee Doodle was very much surprised to find her disposed to become a warrior.

She said she had no home, and that as they could not remain in the woods without protection, she would follow the Filipino warriors, and fight with them wherever they met the enemy.

"But, senorita, your duty is to your mother and sisters."

"I can be of no service to them in the woods, Senor Americano," she replied; "on the contrary, I would be a burden to them unless we had a home."

"Then, senorita, I will detail men enough to build a home for all the women and children here, under which they may find shelter until the home of each family is rebuilt."

CHAPTER VIII.

YANKEE DOODLE A PRISONER OF WAR—HOW HE ESCAPED.

TRUE to his promise to the young Mestizo girl, Yankee Doodle called for volunteers among the natives to build some temporary huts for the use of the families whose homes had been burned by the Spaniards.

Volunteers came rather reluctantly, for it is the same with the natives of the Philippines as with the Cubans, an innate distaste for any kind of manual labor.

"Now, Filipinos," said Yankee Doodle, in a rather reproachful tone, "in my country we think of the women and children first, and other things afterward. If we had not fought the Spaniards in the early part of the night they would not have burned down those houses, so we are in honor bound to provide some kind of shelter for them. With axes and machetes we can soon build very comfortable shelters for them, and we must do it."

He sent back a dozen men for axes, but while they were gone the men set to work with machetes, cut poles and palms, and, in an incredibly short space of time had a row of very comfortable huts which, in that climate afforded pretty much all the shelter required, the main point being to fix roofs so as to turn the water, which often came down in great torrents in that latitude.

The women were very grateful to him and the other two Americans, as they well knew that but for their interference they would have been left to shift for themselves.

During the day, while the work was going on, the men of several of the families showed up again, having returned from their places of refuge to which they had fled on the approach of the Spaniards.

They at once went to work to aid in the task of

home building with very commendable energy. The three Americans superintended the work, keeping the men steadily at it until it was finished.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle had sent a party out on the road in the direction of the Spanish line to keep a watch on the enemy, but as they could see no indication of an effort to renew hostilities Yankee Doodle decided to place one of their number in command and make his way back down through the woods to the south side of the city for the purpose of returning to General Anderson's command at Cavite, to whom he wished to make a report of what he had seen and heard inside the insurgent camp.

Accordingly he selected half a dozen natives whose conduct he had noticed during the fight and appointed them to take charge in his absence. He warned them against making any attack on the Spaniards while they were behind their intrenchments.

"If they come out, though," said he, "beat them back, killing all you can of them."

Before leaving he called on the young girl, whose native name was really unpronounceable, to take leave of her and her family. Joe Bailey, who was a great admirer of the young girl, had dubbed her with the name of Peaches, at which she was very much pleased, as all three of them promptly adopted it.

"Peaches," said Yankee Doodle to the young girl, "we are going down to Cavite, but will return again some day. When we have taken Manila I will see that you have a chance to ride through the streets of the city with us, as one who had fought to capture it."

The girl seemed a bit dismayed at the idea of his leaving them, and very frankly remarked:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, if you go away we will all be ruined again. You should not leave us."

"I don't know about that, Senorita Peaches; I'm inclined to think that had I not come your pretty little home would not have been destroyed."

"Maybe not, senor, but everything else would have been, while the Spaniards themselves would not have been hurt; you gave them such a punishment that it made us satisfied with the loss of our home."

"That is true patriotism, senorita, and I hope the same spirit prevails among all your people. If my country decides to hold the Philippines your people will be permitted to live in perfect peace and in full possession of everything you have. Nobody will interfere with you, and you can come and go at will with nothing to make you afraid."

"It seems like a dream, Senor Americano, for the Spaniards have always ill-treated and despoiled us. I have a brother who is fighting under the Chief Aguinaldo, but he is away down in the woods near Cavite. I will send him to you that he may learn of you how to fight as you Americanos fight. His name is Aguedo."

"I would be glad to see him, senorita; and for your sake will do all I can for him."

"I will send him to you, Senor Americano," and with that Yankee Doodle bade her good-by, together

with all the other women and children for whom he had provided shelter. They showered blessings upon him with a heartiness that was refreshing, after which the three turned away, followed by a dozen or so natives, who had volunteered to accompany them as an escort as well as guides.

When they reached Aguinaldo's headquarters, the chief had already been informed of the terrific fight out on the north road which had resulted so disastrously to the Spaniards.

The chief shook hands with each one, thanked them in a frank, manly way for their services, and offered each one a command in his army if they would take it.

"Thank you, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "we are not at liberty to accept your offer without permission from the admiral and General Anderson. This fight, you know, is between the United States and Spain, whose governments have other questions to settle besides that of the Philippines, and it is hoped by all the people of my country that you will do nothing to make the complication worse than it is. My countrymen are a liberty-loving people, and will do nothing whatever to interfere with the liberty and well-being of the Filipinos; so if you will but have confidence in their sense of justice and right they will not leave you to struggle with Spain single-handed when this war shall have ended."

The chief straightened himself up to his full height, and, with an air of confident defiance, said:

"Senor Americano, we can whip Spain easily if the admiral and your general will permit us to do so. I can take Manila in a day if your admiral will release me from my promise, and not interfere with me."

"They have no desire to interfere with you, chief," Yankee Doodle assured him. "It is your interference with them and their plans that they wish to avoid. In a very few days more they will doubtless be ready to demand the surrender of the city, and when that is done the Spaniards will have to leave the Philippines forever, after which a government for your people will be established, when you and your people will be consulted as to the best plans for their future prosperity."

The three then shook hands with Aguinaldo and started out on their return to Cavite. The chief offered to send one of his officers as an escort for them, but Yankee Doodle assured him that it was entirely unnecessary, as they could easily find their way back to their own lines. The chief, however, was rather inclined to insist on furnishing the escort, as he believed that it was the duty he owed to the admiral and the American general.

"It is not at all necessary," said Yankee Doodle, "as you have already done all that is required by military etiquette."

They then left the chief and started through the woods in the direction of Cavite. They followed the same trail they had traversed on the day they first met the chief.

They found the position of the insurgents about the

same as when they first appeared in their camp. They decided, however, after going some four or five miles, to turn farther to the left, where the line extended around below the Spanish outpost at Malate, a place which the Spaniards had evidently made up their minds to defend until the very last.

The insurgents had invested it with considerable force, but had been utterly unable to make any impression against the garrison. It was defended by several pieces of old smooth-bore artillery, and a long line of earthworks.

Yankee Doodle and the sergeant wanted to get accurate information as to the strength of the defenses and the number of Spaniards behind them, which information was something very much desired by the American general.

They accordingly began making pretty close inspection of the defenses, several times getting within pistol-shot range of them. At one point they found quite a wide gap in the insurgent lines, owing to a lack of discipline and judgment on the part of the native officers.

Late in the afternoon while going through the woods they ran into a party of Spanish soldiers who had evidently been out on a fruit-gathering expedition. At first they were under the impression that they were in the midst of a body of Filipinos, but before they discovered their mistake they were completely surrounded.

"Hello!" exclaimed the sergeant, who was the first to discover their blunder, "they've got us, pard!"

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle; "don't fire, as it will do no good."

"Who are you?" demanded a Spanish captain of infantry.

"We are Americans, captain," said Yankee Doodle, "and I guess we are your prisoners."

"What are you doing here?" the captain asked.

"We became lost in the woods and were trying to find our way back to Cavite."

"Do you belong to the army?"

"Yes, captain."

They were promptly disarmed and placed under guard. It soon became plain to Yankee Doodle and the sergeant that it was a very small party of Spaniards, about a score in number, who had captured them.

The captain and one of his lieutenants, being the only commissioned officers in the party were disposed to treat them kindly, until the sergeant knocked down one of the Spaniards who was trying to rifle his pockets.

"*Caramba!*" angrily exclaimed the captain, "what do you mean?"

"I am simply defending my pocket," said the sergeant, who was a man of indomitable courage. "I have surrendered my arms, and that is all you are entitled to take from prisoners of war."

"Maledictions!" hissed the captain; "we can take your life if we wish."

"So you can, captain," said the sergeant, "but if

a single American prisoner is shot every Spaniard's life in the Philippines will be forfeited, for the admiral and the American general will not stand any of that kind of business."

The captain was staggered at the bold talk of the sergeant, and for a few minutes it looked as though he would run him through with his sword, until Yankee Doodle quietly remarked that it was best, perhaps, that violence to prisoners should be omitted, as both Spain and America pretended to be Christian nations; that warfare according to the rules of civilization demanded humane treatment of prisoners, adding at the same time:

"We have several hundred Spanish prisoners at Cavite who are treated with all the kindness and consideration due to brave men in misfortune."

"Who are you?" demanded the captain.

"I am an American soldier, captain."

"Are you in command of these two?"

"I was before we became prisoners, yet I am not a commissioned officer in the American army. If you wish to do so we can be exchanged for three Spanish prisoners at Cavite."

"I have nothing to do with the exchange of prisoners," said the Spaniard. "You will have to be sent to the city. The captain-general alone can decide what is to be done with you."

The captain had scarcely finished his reply when the sergeant knocked down another Spanish soldier for trying to thrust his hand into the left pocket of his trousers, in which was clearly outlined a fat wallet. He didn't have much money in it, but it contained some papers and mementoes very highly prized by their owner.

Another soldier rushed at him with a bayonet when the captain himself interfered by sternly ordering his men to let the prisoner alone. The men sullenly obeyed, but the man who had been knocked down was heard to growl:

"*Diablo!* I will kill you yet!"

"I have no doubt you would," said the sergeant, "if you got the chance, for you look a great deal more like a man who would murder another for a peso than a brave soldier."

"Keep your mouth shut!" sternly ordered the Spanish officer.

"All right, captain," returned the sergeant; "kindly order your men to keep their hands out of my pockets."

"Silence!" thundered the officer, drawing his sword. "Another word, and I'll cut you down."

"Keep quiet, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle in English, "or you'll get us all into trouble."

The captain then ordered the three to be searched in order to find out if they had anything about them of importance from a military standpoint. Their pocket knives were taken away from them, but the money found in their pockets was returned.

"Captain," suggested Yankee Doodle, "you had better take charge of our money so as to remove the temptation from your men to take it from us."

"There is no danger of that," returned the captain haughtily, and then he ordered his command to return to Malate.

They were a mile and a half away from their lines, and had returned about half the distance, when they met a couple of young Mestizo girls, accompanied by a stalwart youth of some twenty years of age.

Quick as a flash the native youth darted away into the bushes, while half a dozen Spanish soldiers fired in his direction. The two girls screamed in feminine terror, but stood still on the spot where they were first seen.

A search in the bushes revealed the fact that the native youth had escaped.

Suddenly Joe nudged Yankee Doodle, and said in English:

"By George, it's Peaches!"

"The deuce!" returned Yankee Doodle, looking in the direction of where the girls were standing some fifty feet away. He instantly recognized her, and the recognition was mutual. She gave him a quick glance, and placed two fingers over her mouth as a signal for him to keep silent.

The next moment both the girls darted away in the bushes, in the same direction as that taken by the native youth. To his astonishment, the Spanish lieutenant called out to his men:

"Catch them, or shoot them!"

A dozen Mausers were instantly fired into the thicket, through which the two girls had disappeared.

In his indignation, Yankee Doodle exclaimed:

"You are a disgrace to the name of soldier!"

"Silence!" cried the Spaniard, drawing his sword.

"Would you teach me my duty?"

"No, senor," he coolly replied; "but somebody ought to teach you that throughout the civilized world men who fire upon women are considered worse than the brutes of the jungle."

"*Caramba!*" gasped the astonished officer, making a lunge at Yankee Doodle with his sword. The latter sprang aside, and the weapon passed through a portion of his blouse clear to the hilt.

Quick as a flash the sergeant knocked the lieutenant down with a blow of his fist, and wrenched his sword from his hand.

There were only five or six Spaniards left to guard the three prisoners, for the captain and the others had darted into the bushes after the native youth and the two girls.

The sudden altercation with the lieutenant created a little diversion, which was promptly taken advantage of by the three prisoners, who darted into the bushes on the left before the lieutenant could recover from his knock-down.

The guard instantly fired into the thicket, slightly wounding the sergeant and Joe. They sped forward, however, as fast as the dense woods would permit.

"Let us keep together now," said Yankee Doodle, "and we may escape."

CHAPTER IX.

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THEY pushed on through the thicket for a short distance, while the sound of their pursuers behind them shouting to each other was plainly heard.

Suddenly they ran into the two girls, who were fleeing for their lives. The joy of Peaches at seeing them free was very refreshing indeed.

"God be praised, senor!" she exclaimed, "it was my brother I was bringing to you. His friends are but a little way off. I know where they are; come, we will go to them!" and the agility with which she led the way through the thicket told plainly that she was familiar with that mode of travel on the island.

Yankee Doodle kept close behind her, and the other girl, scarcely less beautiful, followed him. In about fifteen or twenty minutes they were met by her brother, accompanied by a party of nearly a hundred natives, who was returning to her rescue.

"Senor, this is my brother, Aguedo, whom I was bringing to you."

Yankee Doodle grasped the hand of the young native and shook it warmly, saying:

"I'm glad to see you, Aguedo. If you are any way like your sister you are a brave man."

"Senor Americano," returned the youth, "let us catch the Spaniards."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Let me have a machete."

Three machetes were promptly offered them, and were as promptly taken.

"Now, Senor Americano," called out Peaches, "show my brother how the Americanos fight."

"All right. Who can lead us to a spot where we can head them off?"

"Oh, we know the way!" exclaimed the girl, and they started in almost a run through the bushes in a westerly direction, and were soon on a small path or trail again.

"This will lead us to them, senor," said Aguedo.

"Then," said Yankee Doodle to the girl, "both of you go to the rear, so as to be out of danger."

"No, no, senor, we will both go with you."

He had no time to parley with them, so they ran along the trail for a distance of a quarter of a mile to where it emerged into a still larger one, along which the Spaniards themselves were to return to the outpost at Malate.

Aguedo got down on his hands and knees to scrutinize the ground for a few brief seconds, after which he sprang to his feet, saying:

"They have not returned yet."

"Then we will meet them," said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes, senor; we will kill them all."

"No, no," he protested. "I will show you how we Americanos do. If we undertake to kill them they will fight, and some of our side will be killed too. We must take them without losing a man if we can. Will your people do as I say?"

"Yes, senor."

"Then get on both sides of the trail and await or-

ders. When the Spaniards appear I will halt them and order a surrender, when all of you must surround them so as to let them see that resistance would be useless. If they surrender we will take their arms away from them and make them prisoners. If they fight then cut them down."

They promptly obeyed him, and in less than ten minutes the Spaniards came carelessly along on their way back to Malate. Yankee Doodle stepped out in front of the captain and said:

"Halt! The tables are turned, captain; you must either be my prisoners or die where you are!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when the natives poured out of the bushes on both sides of them with their gleaming machetes poised in the air ready to strike.

One of the Spaniards in his terror fired at a native within six feet of him, killing him almost instantly. The next moment nearly half of the little party of Spaniards was cut down.

"I surrender!" called out the captain, presenting the hilt of his sword to Yankee Doodle. The latter took it, calling out to the natives at the same time to cease fighting.

They promptly obeyed him, although eager to finish the work of death.

Peaches was standing by the side of Yankee Doodle when he received the Spanish officer's sword. He promptly turned the weapon over to her, saying:

"This is yours, *senorita*; for to you I am indebted for my escape."

"Thank you, *Senor Americano*," said she, taking the sword very promptly.

The lieutenant's sword was turned over to the other girl, who proved to be her cousin.

In the meantime the sergeant and Joe, both of whom had been slightly wounded, disarmed the Spaniards and recovered the weapons which had been taken from them when they were captured.

"Now, captain," said Yankee Doodle, to the Spanish officer, "I will show you how the American soldier treats prisoners of war. Your lieutenant there sought to run me through with his sword while I was a prisoner in your hands, simply because I told him he was a disgrace to the name of soldier for ordering his men to fire on these two girls. I now wish to say to you that in my country the man who raises a hand in anger against one of the sex is considered a coward and a brute, and I believe the same opinion is held by the people of every Christian nation on earth—except, perhaps in Spain, whose brutality within the last century has lost her the finest colonial system the world ever saw. Were I to let these natives cut down every one of you, it would be no more than what you justly deserve. As it is, however, I shall not allow a hand to be raised against you, because you are prisoners of war. Every Spaniard in the Philippines will be either killed or else become prisoners, as Spain cannot send another soldier to these islands."

"You claim too much, *senor*," said the captain, with a faint smile, "and boast without reason."

"It is you who have no reason," returned Yankee Doodle, "for Spain has not a single war-ship left to convoy a transport anywhere in the world. One of her fleets lies at the bottom of Manila bay, and the other lies in the Caribbean Sea off Santiago, while our own fleet is mistress of the seas as against her."

The captain, however, laughed sarcastically, as he had not yet heard of the destruction of Cervera's fleet in Cuban waters. He still believed in the power of Spain to cope with the great republic of the west.

"Aguedo," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the young native, the brother of Peaches, "you must bury the dead here, and your men can have the arms of those who have fallen into our hands. The *senoritas* must be permitted to keep the two swords as tokens from us of our appreciation of what they have done. We will continue on our way to Cavite, while you must conduct these prisoners to Aguinaldo with my compliments to him."

"*Senor Americano*," said the youth, "I will send them to him, but we will not leave you to go on alone; we will go with you."

"That is unnecessary, *amigo*," said Yankee Doodle.

"You must let us go, *Senor Americano*," said Peaches, "and we will see you safely with your people."

"Very well," he assented; "we Americans are not in the habit of opposing the wishes of our women."

In a very few minutes a detail of a score of natives was made to convey the prisoners, about a dozen in number, to the headquarters of Aguinaldo. As soon as they were off, the entire party started on southward in the direction of Cavite.

Aguedo marched on one side of Yankee Doodle, while Peaches held to his hand on the other, the very embodiment of girlish happiness. She chatted volubly as she walked by his side, telling her brother the wonderful things the three Americans had done in the vicinity of her home.

She told him that he must stay with Yankee Doodle all the time, and learn of him how the *Americanos* fought and won victories. She was very ambitious for her brother, and believed that the daring young American would teach him how to fight his way up to become a great man among the Filipinos.

The other young girl, who was apparently about the same age as Peaches, was taken charge of by Joe, who held her hand in his as they trudged along through the woods, conversing to her in his broken Spanish.

In the course of an hour or so they came to a small village on the bank of the Pasig river, which carried on a considerable trade with the city below and the country above.

As it was near night, they decided to encamp there until the next day. The village was the home of the cousin of Peaches and Aguedo, and, therefore, the

brother and sister knew pretty much the entire population, which numbered some five or six hundred.

The story of the three Americans soon became known to everybody in the village, and in a little while the greatest abundance of refreshments in the way of tropical fruits was brought to them. Every Mestizo family in the place invited them to enjoy their hospitality.

During the evening they gathered at the largest house, near the banks of the river, and dancing was indulged in until late in the night. The three Americans were the lions of the hour.

Peaches, however, and her cousin, whom Joe had nicknamed Cherry, held on to the two boys with a degree of pertinacity that threatened trouble, as many of the other girls were extremely anxious to dance with them. They persisted in wearing the swords that had been taken from the Spanish officers, as they prized them as much as an American belle would have prized a diamond necklace worth thousands of dollars.

It was a beautiful moonlight night in which objects could be seen at a great distance, for in the tropics the moon and the stars give greater light than in higher latitudes. Between the dances the three Americans would take their partners out for a stroll in the streets of the village, but only to return after five or ten minutes, when the music would begin again. It was impossible for them, though, to be alone, as there were so many present who were anxious to see as much of them as possible.

It was about midnight, and Yankee Doodle and Peaches strolled quite a distance from the house where the entertainment was held, when they were startled by hearing a rush of horses coming down the road which entered the village behind them.

"Oh, senor," cried Peaches, "they are Spaniards!"

"It can't be," said Yankee Doodle, as he stood still and listened; but the next moment firing from Mausers was heard, followed by the screams of panic-stricken women and children.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "you're right, they are Spaniards!"

He started to return in the direction of the house where the dance had been going on, but stopped when he saw the streets filled with Spanish cavalry.

"Come, senorita," he said to the girl, "we must get away from here, for I have no desire to be captured again. We must take to the woods," and he started back towards the outskirts of the village.

"This way, senor," said she, leading the way back from the river to the nearest point of woods.

The firing went on briskly, and he felt as though he was acting the part of a coward in getting out of the way instead of taking part in the fight. He considered, though, that Joe and the sergeant were well able to take care of themselves, and that they would undoubtedly do so. As for the natives, he knew they were as expert in dodging through the woods as so many rabbits.

They soon reached the woods, in which they took

refuge and listened to the uproar in the streets of the village. It didn't take him long to understand that the Spaniards were in considerable force, and in complete possession of the place.

He thought it strange that none of the natives had taken refuge in the same piece of woods that he had and spoke to Peaches about it.

"They were forced to go out the other way, senor," she exclaimed, "as the Spaniards came down this way into the place, cutting us off from the rest of them."

"Which way did they go, then?" he asked.

"They went out on the other side of the village from here."

"Can they find safety in that direction?"

"Yes, senor; there are thick woods over that way as well as here."

The firing soon ceased, showing that the natives in the place had retreated, but the shouts and ribald laughter of the Spaniards told that they were plundering the place as well as terrifying the women and children.

Yankee Doodle had left his Mauser in the house where the dance was, but he had his brace of revolvers in his belt, while Peaches still retained the sword which had been given her.

He was at a loss to know what to do, as in the woods it was pitch dark; to try to go through it at night would be utter folly. At the same time, to go out into the open would expose them to discovery and draw the fire of the Mausers.

He could see the enemy galloping about the streets of the village, and estimated that they had a force of some two or three hundred. He knew that it was a mere dash at an exposed point for the purpose of plunder, and the killing of a few natives. Yet the thought occurred to him that if he could gather a few hundred of the natives, he might ambush the Spaniards on their return to their line. Owing to the fact, however, that in the party of about seventy-five that had accompanied him to the place, there were only about twenty-five who had fire-arms, the rest were armed only with the machete, a very poor weapon with which to fight cavalymen. So he had to give up the idea altogether.

A little later, however, he saw a couple of Spanish officers riding up the road in his direction. In the clear moonlight he could see that they were well mounted and brilliantly uniformed.

"They are coming after us, senor," said the girl at his side.

"No, senorita, they don't know we are here," and he drew his revolver to be ready for any emergency that might arrive.

Where he was the bushes grew right to the roadside.

As the officers came cantering along he said to the girl:

"Let go of my arm, senorita."

She released him, and he sprang out into the road with a cry of:

"Halt, Espanola!"

The officer reined up his horse suddenly and reached forward to the holster to draw a revolver.

Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle fired, and the horse reared until his fore hoofs were high in the air. But his rider fell heavily to the ground.

The other one drew his sword and attempted to ride down the young American, who nimbly sprang aside and fired twice in rapid succession.

Whether or not he hit the Spaniard he never knew, but the latter's horse shied so as to unseat him and he fell to the ground. But the next moment he was on his feet sword in hand, rushed at Yankee Doodle who was clinging to the bit of the other horse.

The truth is Yankee Doodle thought that he had killed him, and undoubtedly would have been run through by the Spaniard had not Peaches dashed out of the bushes and attacked him in the rear, driving her sword deep into his back.

"*Caramba!*" gasped the Spaniard, wheeling quickly around to attack the girl.

As he wheeled she lost her grip on the sword, and it remained sticking in the back of the officer.

The next moment Yankee Doodle fired, hitting him in the neck, sending him half way across the road where he fell on his face with the sword standing erect in his back.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle. "Catch that horse out there, *senorita!*"

The well-trained horse, however, ran up to where its rider was lying on the road and stood still. The girl seized him by the bit and led him over to where Yankee Doodle was holding the other.

"Can you ride, *senorita?*" he asked.

"Yes, *senor.*"

"Let me help you up, then," and he lifted her up into the saddle, after which he sprang upon the other horse.

"Give me my sword, *senor,*" she asked.

Quick as a flash he leaped to the ground, drew the sword from the body of the dead Spaniard, and passed it up to her. Then he mounted again, saying:

"We must get away from here, *senorita*; where shall we go?"

"This way," said she, riding in the direction of the Spanish line.

Just as they started off, a rush of horses behind them told them they were being pursued.

"Ride fast," he urged.

She struck the horse with the flat side of her sword and dashed away up the road, a distance of about half a mile, where it formed a junction with the old Cavite road, which led down along the shores of the bay to the old fort and arsenal.

"Where does this road lead?" he asked, as she turned into it.

"Down to Cavite, *senor.*"

"Good again," said he; "you are worth your weight in gold as a guide; now ride fast."

To his surprise the young girl seated herself in the saddle man-fashion, adjusted her feet in the stirrups,

struck the horse again with her sword, and dashed away like a whirlwind.

She proved to be as much at home in the saddle as was Yankee Doodle himself, for she kept her seat like a trooper whilst bullets whistled around them for a distance of three or four miles.

The enemy soon gave up the pursuit, whereupon Yankee Doodle slackened his speed and finally stopped to listen. He could hear nothing, however, save the hum of insect life on either side of the old road.

CHAPTER X.

YANKEE DOODLE AND PEACHES TURN UP AT CAVITE— THE ADMIRAL SENDS FOR HIM.

"*SENORITA,*" said he, after listening for some little time, "I don't know what has become of our friends, and I know of no way to render them any assistance except by going back to Cavite and have the general send out a company of soldiers to hunt for them. They are quite as well able to take care of themselves, though, as I am."

"Yes, *senor,* they went into the woods on the other side, and our people are with them, so they must be safe. We will go to Cavite, for I would like very much to see your soldiers."

"Come ahead, then," said he, and they started off again along the great road, which soon brought them to the shores of the beautiful Bay of Manila.

There they could see the light of the fleet as the ships rode at anchor out in the bay, and farther down to the point of land called Cavite, where the grim walls of the old fort and arsenal loomed up, could be seen the light in the hospitals in which the wounded Spanish seamen were being cared for by Dewey's men.

Presently they were halted by the picket, to whom Yankee Doodle reported, and asked to be sent in that he might report to General Anderson.

By this time the faint streak of dawn began to show in the east, and Yankee Doodle, after reporting to the officer of the guard, requested that the general be not disturbed on his account before his usual hour of rising.

The officer of the picket line, however, insisted on he and the girl being taken to headquarters and turned over to the one in charge there. They did so, and their arrival created a little sensation.

One of the staff officers was called up to hear his story, and when Yankee Doodle told him that he didn't know what had become of the sergeant and Joe, he went immediately to the general for instructions.

The general himself ordered Yankee Doodle to come into his quarters that he might question him. He did so, leaving Peaches in charge of the staff officer outside.

For more than an hour Yankee Doodle was engaged in relating to the general everything he had seen and heard since he had left the camp a week before.

The general was deeply impressed with what he

heard about the ambitious motives of Aguinaldo. He called in his secretary, and had the report reduced to writing, after which it was read over to Yankee Doodle, in order that he might see whether it was written down accurately.

"It's all right, general," said he after reading it over carefully; "you've got it just as I told it."

"So you really think, do you," the general asked, "that Aguinaldo means to make trouble for us?"

"I do, general, if our government means to keep Manila or any of these islands. Of course that is something that I know nothing about, but he is a dangerous man as well as very ambitious. He has received arms and ammunition from the admiral, and now has several thousand Filipinos with him who believe in him, and will obey him with a devotion truly marvelous. He is fighting for the independence of the Philippine Islands, and is now friendly to us only because we are both fighting Spain; but when Spain is driven out of the Philippines he will object to the American Government exercising any authority not based upon their consent, and if we attempt to hold Manila or any of the islands without providing some high office for him, he will fight us as viciously as he is now fighting Spain."

"Do you really think so?" the general asked.

"I am positive of it, general, for he repeatedly alluded to the independence of the Philippines in his conversation with me, and seemed to regret the promise he had made to the admiral not to attempt to take the city without his consent."

"What kind of a fight can he put up?" the general asked.

"They can put up a very nasty fight, general, for there are thousands of them, and they are far better fighters than the Cubans. They have no organization whatever, viewed from a military standpoint, but then organization and discipline don't amount to much in a fight going on in the woods."

He then explained to the general how he came to be separated from Joe and the sergeant, and stated that he believed they had escaped as easily as he had, as they were as close to the woods as he was when the enemy appeared.

"Nevertheless," said the general, "you must guide a battalion out there to their assistance."

"Certainly, general," said he, "I am ready to go at any moment."

"I will wait until noon, though," added the general, "and if we do not hear from them by that time I will send out a battalion of infantry to the village where you last saw them."

When Yankee Doodle returned from his interview with the general he found half a dozen officers around Peaches, talking to her through an interpreter, as none of them could speak Spanish, nor did she understand a word of English.

They quickly found out that she believed in Yankee Doodle above all other men in the world, including the general, the admiral, and the President of the United States. She had been telling of his prowess

in battle, and how he had led several hundred Filipinos in two hard fought battles, in one of which two entire companies of Spanish cavalry had been utterly wiped out.

The officers were under the impression that Yankee Doodle had been loading her up, by telling her those wonderful yarns; but in answer to a question, she told them that she had witnessed the fight herself, and that he had told her nothing.

"See here, my boy," said one of the staff officers, catching him by the arm as he came out, "this girl here tells us you have been playing the very deuce with the Spaniards."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "we did have some fun with them."

"Is it true that you have been fighting them?"

"Yes," he said, "and some of the hardest fighting you ever saw, and if you are spoiling for that kind of fun, just go out there and ask Aguinaldo for a job, and he will give it to you."

"Is he much of a fighter himself?"

"Well, I never saw him do any fighting, and his army seems to be a mere mob, but somehow or other he has been knocking the Spaniards galleywest for several weeks, and has got some three or four thousand prisoners now on his hands."

"How is he treating them?"

"I don't know, but from what I can hear, he seems to be treating them a great deal better than the Spaniards treat the natives when they catch them."

"This girl here says she was with you in two fights, is it true?"

"Yes, it is true, and let me say to you that she is the bravest girl I ever saw. Last night she saved my life by running a Spaniard through with that sword hanging at her side, who was about to cut me down," and he stepped over to the girl's side, took the sword from her belt, and showed about six or seven inches of the point blood stained.

"She is clear grit all through," he added, "and doesn't seem to know what fear is."

"She is very beautiful," remarked one of the officers.

"Yes, I've seen a number of very beautiful girls out there, but they are not entirely of the native stock. They are half-breeds, called Mestizos. The pure native is a great deal darker than she is. But see here, major, we are both very hungry; if we can get a breakfast we would both feel a great deal better."

"You can both have breakfast with us," said the major.

"Thank you," he replied, "we will do so with pleasure, and clean up the table in very short order unless you put a whole day's rations on it at once."

The major laughed, while Yankee Doodle turned to the girl, and said in Spanish:

"The officers of the staff have invited us to breakfast with them," and he then introduced her to all of them under the name of Peaches, explaining to the officers as he did so that her real name was simply unpronounceable.

"So you just called her Peaches, eh?" laughed one of the officers.

"Yes; I would call her Peaches and Cream, were it not quite so long."

"Does she know what a peach is?" one of them asked.

"I don't think she does, for she asked me why I called her Peaches, and I told her that her name was too hard for me to pronounce, so I named her after one of the most delicious fruits of America."

"What are you going to do with her?" another asked.

"I intend to see that she is safely back to her family, for she came out as a guide to show us the way to avoid the enemy. She has a brother who is a soldier in Aguinaldo's army, and if he is but half as brave as she is he has the making of a fine soldier in him."

When breakfast was announced, Yankee Doodle and Peaches sat down to the table and did ample justice to the good things before them. The admiration of the officers for the Mestizo maiden was shown her in such respectful way, that she was charmed with all of them.

Just as they were about to finish breakfast, a commotion outside caused one of the officers to investigate the cause of it. He returned in a few minutes with the news that Joe and the sergeant had come in, both wounded.

Yankee Doodle sprang up and ran out to see them.

"Hello, boys!" he called to them; "got through all right, eh?"

"Yes," said the sergeant; "it was mighty hard work, though, and both of us got hit again as we were leaving the village."

"Then you've two wounds each?" said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes," said Joe, "but my empty stomach hurts worse than my wounds, for I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Come in and help yourselves," said the major. "We've just finished breakfast, but there is plenty left for half a dozen more."

"Thank you, sir," said the sergeant, saluting the officer.

"Say, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "what became of the other girl?"

"We all ran to the woods," answered Joe, "and I lost her in the darkness."

"Then you don't know whether she was hurt or not?"

"I don't think she was," he replied, "for she was with me up to the time we struck the woods, when a lot of natives ran over us and we were separated," and Joe then proceeded to tell the story of his adventures in trying to find his way back to Cavite.

He and the sergeant became separated soon after entering the woods, and both at once asked for guides to pilot the way to the picket line. They ran into each other a little after sunrise, after which they came on together.

After breakfast they went to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, which fortunately were flesh

wounds, painful but by no means serious. Both had lost a good deal of blood, which made them feel quite weak, yet they declared that they had had a fine time and had picked up experience enough to last them all their lives.

Peaches insisted on being allowed to nurse them, saying that she had several times attended to wounded Filipinos, and knew a good deal about how to make them comfortable. She asked Yankee Doodle to plead with the surgeon to let her stay there as a nurse, as she feared that if she returned to her home she would be sought out and killed by the Spaniards on account of the service she had rendered during the past three days.

Yankee Doodle called on the head surgeon, who said that he had no objections whatever, but of course no compensation could be given her other than quarters and rations.

"Oh, that's all right," said Yankee Doodle, "she doesn't expect compensation, and for the present it is a home for her, if not a paradise."

When told that she could remain at the hospital she was a very happy girl. She was the only female nurse there who did not belong to some of the religious institutions which were very numerous in every Spanish settlement on the island.

During the day the general called Yankee Doodle in again and plied him with many questions concerning the force that Aguinaldo had under him.

He told him that he had no idea how many men he had, as the dense woods prevented his making any estimate as to their number.

"There are thousands of them though," he said, "and still other thousands who are ready to take up arms as soon as they can get them."

The general was preparing his report based upon information received from Yankee Doodle that morning, and wanted a few more points before closing it.

"Now," said he, "the admiral wishes to see you on board the flag-ship as soon as possible, so you had better go out there right away; there is a boat belonging to one of the surgeons waiting for you."

Yankee Doodle hastened down to the landing, entered the boat and was rowed out to the flag-ship by four sailors. The admiral received him with quiet cordiality, led the way to his cabin, where he listened to his report of the interview with Aguinaldo.

"Your letter," said Yankee Doodle, "fixed me all right with him. He allowed me to speak my mind freely to him."

The admiral was very much surprised at the young soldier's estimate of Aguinaldo's character and motives. Soon after the battle of May 1st, in which he had smashed the Spanish fleet, the admiral had supplied Aguinaldo with arms and ammunition, and otherwise encouraged him in raising an insurgent force to keep the Spaniards busy until an American army should arrive to take and hold the city of Manila.

To his utter amazement, the young chief, conscious of the power his people gave him, was evidently be-

coming ambitious, and disposed to make trouble for those who had placed him on his feet. If he was astonished at Aguinaldo's conduct, he was still more so when Yankee Doodle told him what he had said to him in his interview after the first day's fight.

It was precisely what he would have said to him himself had he been there, though, perhaps, in more diplomatic language.

"You gave it to him straight, my lad," said he, "and I am glad you did. As it is, he has the information I wanted him to have, and from a source for which he can hold nobody responsible. It has relieved me from the necessity of saying as much to him myself. The young man seems to be losing his head, yet we are not in a position to interfere with him, and it is to be hoped he will not so far forget himself as to interfere with us."

"Admiral," said Yankee Doodle, "he will keep the promise he made you, for he told me he would, although regretting that he had made it. I think he is gathering a great army in the woods back of the city, in the hope of participating in its capture when our own army has landed. He will demand part of the spoils, and insist that the American troops shall withdraw and leave him to govern the island."

The admiral likewise made a report to be sent home to Washington on the attitude of the young insurgent chief, whose forces were growing in strength daily.

Said he to Yankee Doodle :

"I may wish to send you to him again in a few days. I am glad that you fought at the head of some of his men and whipped the Spaniards, as it may have the effect of demonstrating to his people that we are their friends and well-wishers. I think he has confidence in you, and as he has already talked freely with you he may do so again. I wish to impress it upon his mind that the fight between Spain and the United States is one between two great nations with established governments, and that while in military operations we may co-operate with him against the enemy, we can in no way recognize him in any negotiations that may take place between the two nations. When Spain is driven out it will then be time enough to negotiate with him as to the American policy towards his people."

"I believe, admiral, that I've already said the same thing to him, at least in substance if not in so many words."

"Very true," assented the admiral, "but he then regarded it as simply your personal opinion. This time I wish it to go to him as coming from me direct."

CHAPTER XI.

"CUPID CAN SPEAK ALL LANGUAGES."

EARLY the next morning after his interview with the admiral Yankee Doodle repaired to the hospital where Peaches, the Mestizo maiden, was acting as nurse, and told her he was going out to Aguinaldo's camp again, and that he would see her brother, if not her parents, and let him know where she was.

"You can go with me, though, if you wish ; and I think perhaps you had better do so, as you may not again have a chance very soon to return to your parents."

"Senor," said she, "I would rather stay here for the present, as I am entirely out of danger, and everybody is kind to me."

"Very well, senorita ; our people will always be kind to you, for I have told them how brave and true you are."

"Will you return soon ?" she asked, with an expression of eager interest in her large, lustrous black eyes.

"I may be gone for several days," he replied.

"Will you come and see me when you return ?"

"Of course I will. I will try to see you the very first one."

"Then I will stay here," said she.

He then took leave of her and went in search of Joe Bailey and Sergeant Bowles, both of whom were to accompany him. He found them together at the headquarters of the regiment to which the sergeant belonged. Their wounds pained them but little.

"We are in for it again, sergeant," said he to the daring Westerner.

"In what way ?" the sergeant asked.

"I am going out to see Aguinaldo again."

"The deuce you are ; what's up ?"

"The admiral wishes me to whisper something in his ear."

"Oh, all right, then. When do you start ?"

"Just as soon as you and Joe are ready."

"We will be ready within an hour."

"Good enough ; I'll call for you ;" and with that he turned away to go to his quarters to make final preparation.

At the appointed time the three were passed through the line by orders of the guard under instructions from the chief of staff. They were again on foot, as they were compelled to make the most of the journey through the great forest following the trail made by the natives, as on the great highway they would be likely to run up against Spanish cavalry.

After a long tramp through the tropical forest they reached the little village where they came so near being captured by the Spanish cavalry on the night of the dance. Their sudden reappearance in the streets created a little bit of excitement among the villagers, as nearly everybody there believed they had either been killed or captured by the enemy.

Both Joe and the sergeant were still very sore from the first wounds received on that night, but still it did not prevent them from taking part in the perilous expedition. The truth is, both of them were quite anxious to meet again the two girls with whom they had danced and find out what had befallen them on that terrible night.

The young girl with whom Joe had been smitten lived there. She was a cousin to Peaches and her brother, Aguedo. The one with whom the sergeant had become impressed was a tall, stately Mestizo,

who was regarded as the belle of the village. Her name was Angela and she and Cherry were great friends.

News of their arrival flew through the village, and in a very few minutes both Angela and Cherry, together with more than a score of women and children, met and greeted them with great cordiality.

"I am glad to see you, *senor*," said Angela, as she welcomed the sergeant. "I feared you were killed."

"Thank you, *senorita*. I was hit, but it takes more than one bullet to kill me. But I have been worried about you ever since that night."

"Oh," she laughed, "I hid in the woods until they were all gone, as did many others. They went away early the next morning after doing all the mischief they could, and we were very sorry that the *Americanos* did not come and capture them."

"We will do that in time, *senorita*," said he, "for thousands of our troops are on the way, and will soon arrive at Cavite."

Joe, on meeting his Cherry, was very demonstrative in his joy, kissing both her hands like an ardent lover. He told her where Peaches was, and asked where her brother could be found.

"He is somewhere with Aguinaldo," she replied, "and is much distressed about her; but we knew that *Senor Yankee Doodle* would take care of her, and now I am so glad to hear that he has done so. Where are you going now?"

"We are going to see the chief Aguinaldo, and will try to see Peaches' mother, and let her know where the dear girl is."

During this time Yankee Doodle was talking with a number of men, native residents of the village, who were eager to find out what the Americans were going to do. All he could tell them with any degree of certainty, was that they were going to drive Spain out of the Philippines forever.

While he was talking with them Aguedo, the brother of Peaches, appeared, accompanied by a score or more of Filipinos, who were armed with Mausers and the inevitable machete.

When he heard that Yankee Doodle was there, he ran almost at full speed to meet him.

"My sister, *Senor Americano*!" he called out; "where is she? Where is she?"

"She is safe at Cavite, *amigo*," he replied.

"Is she well?" he asked.

"Yes, she is well, and requested me to tell you so, that you might send word to your mother."

"Why does she stay there, *senor*?" he asked, looking Yankee Doodle straight in the eyes.

"Because she wished to do so, and help nurse the wounded in the hospital, until it would be safe for her to return home."

To Yankee Doodle's astonishment, the young Filipino betrayed a feeling of much incredulity, and was far from being cordial in his manner towards him.

It instantly flashed through Yankee Doodle's mind that the young Filipino was suspicious that his sister had fallen a victim to the wiles of the American offi-

cers, just as had been the case with many others during the Spanish occupation of the island.

"Aguedo," said he, "if you wish to see her I will give you a letter to the general, and you can go to Cavite at once. If you wish her to return home with you, you will find that there is nothing in the way to prevent her doing so. I have treated her as though she were my own sister, for the night you were here she saved my life by running a Spanish officer through with the sword she wore."

"Where did that happen, *senor*?" Aguedo asked.

"Over there in the road near the woods," replied he, pointing to the very spot, not over two hundred yards away from where they stood, and he then described his fight with the two Spanish officers, and how it came about that she had saved his life.

Instantly Aguedo's face brightened and he grasped Yankee Doodle's hand, which he shook with a great deal of energy. Then he took him by the arm and led him aside, where he said, in half whispers, that he himself had run across the bodies of the two officers where they had fallen, and had secured from them two leather belts filled with Spanish gold, adding:

"They belong to you and to my sister, *senor*, and I will give them to you. They had more than a thousand pesos in the two belts."

"Give them to her, *senor*," said Yankee Doodle, "or else use the money to rebuild the home that was destroyed by the enemy. I don't wish a single peseta of it myself."

"No, no, *Senor Americano*, you must take it, for it is your lawful prize."

"Very well, *amigo*, when you return it to me I will give it to her and tell her to rebuild the home in which she was born."

The matter was thus settled and the young Filipino volunteered with his friends to escort the three to the headquarters of Aguinaldo, after which he would hasten to acquaint his mother of the whereabouts of Peaches.

The sergeant and Joe Bailey suggested to Yankee Doodle that they spend the night there at the village before going on to the headquarters of the chief. They both complained that their wounds were paining them after the nine miles' march through the woods. He laughed at them, saying:

"That's all right, boys, we'll stop here, but I think that the eyes of those two girls have wounded you both more grievously than the Mauser bullets."

"Oh, well," said the sergeant, "who objects to being hurt that way?"

"I'm sure I don't," laughed Yankee Doodle; "but sometimes they are wounds that are very hard to heal."

"I don't think you know anything about it," said the sergeant.

"No, not from experience, but I've seen others who were pretty badly hurt, and in your case nothing but an amputation will save you."

"Amputation! What do you mean?"

"Oh, your head will have to be cut off."

"Oh, you be blown!" retorted the sergeant. "I'm going to marry that girl and take her back to the States with me."

"The deuce you are; are you so badly hurt as that?"

"I'm not hurt at all. On the contrary, I never felt better in my life, for she has already agreed to it."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Yankee Doodle.

"I must say that you have beaten the record."

"Well, you don't blame me, do you?"

"No, I don't, for she is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, and will create a sensation back in the States. I'm only afraid you will have to shoot a few fellows on her account, for it will be impossible to keep them away from her."

"Oh, she can't speak a word of English," laughed the sergeant, "and our people can't speak Spanish."

"Ah, sergeant, my boy, Cupid can speak all languages."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was another dance in the village that night in which the three young Americans participated to their heart's content, notwithstanding the fact that on the night of the Spanish raid several women and children had been wounded; still that did not interfere with the hilarity of the occasion.

Peaches not being present, Yankee Doodle distributed his attention among a dozen Mestizo girls, some of whom were very beautiful. Joe was very devoted to Cherry, whose parents he had learned were considered quite wealthy.

During the evening Yankee Doodle whispered to Joe the news of the relations existing between the sergeant and Angela.

"The sergeant has a long head," Joe said, "for her people are as rich as mud."

"The deuce they are?"

"Yes," returned Joe, "Cherry says they are very rich; that her father owns property in the city and a plantation up the river."

"Great Scott!" said Yankee Doodle, "I never thought of that. I wonder if the sergeant knows it?"

"Of course he does," laughed Joe; "but he got stuck on her before he found it out."

"How is it with your girl?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Oh, they say her father is rich too, but they have a whole regiment of children."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"Oh, I don't know what I'll do," said Joe laughing and looking a little confused. "I like her better than any girl I ever met; but I don't know if she likes me well enough to marry me; I guess I'm too young for that sort of thing anyway."

"Well, see here," said Yankee Doodle, "when this war ends, and these islands are turned over to

the United States, there'll be a tremendous rush of Americans in search of fortunes, and they will become a veritable El Dorado that will lay California in the shade. If you can get a good girl with a fat bank account, it will pave the way for a great fortune for you. I guess I'll look out for one myself."

"How about Peaches?" Joe asked.

"She is worth her weight in gold," said Yankee Doodle, "but I don't think she has any gold. I haven't given it any thought, and I guess I won't until the war ends. I am going to get out now and try to get some sleep, and would advise you and the sergeant to do the same thing, for we must be off by sunrise."

"All right," said Joe, "I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Yankee Doodle finally slipped away from the house and joined Aguedo in a little camp outside the village, where he rolled in his hammock and soon fell asleep. He never knew when Joe and the sergeant came in, but when he saw them the next morning he was convinced that they had had but little sleep.

They were up early and soon on their way to the headquarters of the insurgent chief. As they progressed, it was easy to be seen that reinforcements had been steadily coming in from the interior of the island, for they saw thousands there whom they had not seen before.

The great bulk of them was of the pure aboriginal stock, all armed with the machete, while hundreds of them carried the blow-gun for the purpose of securing small game, which was so abundant in the forest. Some were darker than others, showing that they were descendants of other tribes, but all were imbued with an intense hatred of their oppressors. They looked upon the Americans as a people who had made it possible for them to throw off the Spanish yoke.

They all understood Spanish, while at the same time they were frequently heard conversing in a jargon utterly unintelligible to anyone but themselves. Yankee Doodle talked with many of them without finding one who had any thought other than the war was to result in the complete independence of the islands. That the islands were to pass from Spain to America never once occurred to them, showing that the wily Aguinaldo had instilled it into them that independence was to be the natural result of the conflict.

It was about noon when they reached the headquarters of the chief, who appeared a little surprised at seeing them again.

"Chief," said Yankee Doodle, "I am the bearer of another letter from the admiral, which he has commissioned me to deliver to you," and he handed the missive over to him as he spoke.

There was nothing in the letter further than an expression of personal regard, and a trifling request that he hold himself in readiness to co-operate in a movement against Manila when the rest of the American army should arrive.

It was calculated somewhat to flatter the vanity of

the young chief, and to a certain extent throw him off his guard whilst conversing with Yankee Doodle.

"When will the balance of your army arrive?" Aguinaldo asked, as he folded up the letter and stowed it away in the pocket of his uniform.

"We are expecting the transports daily," said Yankee Doodle, "and when they arrive, General Merritt, the commander-in-chief of the expedition, will doubtless begin active operations."

"Why wait for their arrival," the chief asked, "when you already have enough to capture the city with my co-operation?"

"I believe," said Yankee Doodle, "that the delay is on account of other foreign nations who have enormous business interests in Manila. There are five German war-ships already in the bay, besides one or two Japanese, English and French. They are powerful nations, whose wishes have to be consulted in matters of this kind. America does not wish to become in complications of one nation with other nations before she has settled her affairs with Spain."

Aguinaldo was a shrewd man, but he had had no experience whatever in international complications, and it was rather difficult for him to understand why other nations should bother themselves about the Philippine Islands.

"Spain," said he, "has had the sovereignty of the islands for three centuries, during which time no other nation has ventured to interfere to put a stop to her terrible oppression of my people. Why should they interfere now?"

"That is a deep question, chief, but if you are familiar with the history of the powers of Europe, you certainly know something about their land-grabbing propensities. They see that Spain is on the point of losing her sovereignty over the island, and, thinking that America, being so far away, may not wish to transfer the sovereignty to herself, they are all crowding around in the hope of bringing about a division, so that each one can get a few islands for herself. So you must see that after all, the salvation of the Philippines depends entirely upon America, and if your people extend explicit confidence to our government and not make matters worse during our troubles with Spain, the American flag will keep off those other land-grabbing powers until the question is settled as to what is best to be done concerning the final disposition of the entire archipelago. You have an army of brave men around you, but you certainly ought to know that against America or England, France, Germany, Russia or Japan your resistance would be utterly futile. But with such a powerful friend as the United States you could defy the world."

"Yes, yes," nodded Aguinaldo, "but will the friendship of America be of any use to us in the end? Wherein will we be benefited in being transferred from one nation to another? Why should we fight Spain only to let in another master, who would keep on oppressing us?"

"Chief," said Yankee Doodle, "we of the United States are masters of the government; we rule our-

selves; we make and unmake our rulers; we have no king or queen, or standing armies to overawe the people. I do not believe that my government could ever oppress any other people on earth, for we hold that all government should rest upon the consent of the governed. If these islands should be annexed to the United States, your people would be permitted to govern themselves, electing their own governors and all the local officers, just as the forty-five States of America have done ever since the foundation of the great republic. You would be more free in that case than if you were all left independent with a flag of your own. If left to stand alone, you would become the prey of any nation who chose to send a fleet and army to subjugate you; whereas, if you are a part and parcel of the great Republic of the United States, no power on earth would dare raise a hand against you."

Aguinaldo was silent for some minutes. The entire situation was explained to him in a nut-shell, so to speak; for it began to dawn upon his mind that while independence was a beautiful bauble, and an independent nationality a tempting prize, he could well understand that without fleets and armies to maintain it, it would fall a prey to the avarice and greed of the rival powers of Europe.

He was thinking of all this when the news came that the Spaniards were preparing to make a grand sortie from the city, for the purpose of annihilating the insurgent army. Instantly all the warlike qualities of the young chief were aroused, and the light of battle flashed in his eyes.

"Senor Americano," said he, "the Spaniards are coming to attack us. We must fight, or retire before them. As a soldier, what do you advise?"

"Fight with all your might," exclaimed Yankee Doodle.

The chief grasped his hand, saying:

"Yes, yes; we will fight."

"I tender you my services, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "and that of my friends."

"Thank you, senor. I will send my chief of staff with you to place you in command of the right wing."

In less than ten minutes Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant were on their way to the extreme right of the insurgent force. Hundreds of the natives stationed out there had fought with them on the occasion of their first visit, and were glad to have them there again.

"Sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, "we're going to have some bloody work to-day. We must make these people understand that they must obey orders, and fire low. You and Joe hurry up along the line down through the bushes there, and find out how many men are there. Of course, you will have to make a rough guess, but do it quickly."

Joe and the sergeant at once proceeded to do what was required, and inside of half an hour reported that there were at least two thousand natives in the

bushes, only half of whom had fire-arms. The rest of them were armed with machetes.

"That's a pretty good crowd," said he, "and I guess we can hold the position. But the men must be kept well concealed in the woods and not a shot fired until the enemy is close enough to make it destructive."

It was ascertained that no firing had been going on out there for several days, and the Spaniards were under the impression that the insurgents had abandoned the position. They advanced in a confident manner until within one hundred yards of the insurgents concealed in the bushes.

Then at the word of command a thousand Mausers opened on them with such deadly effect as to throw them into confusion. Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle ordered a charge, and the entire two thousand Filipinos dashed out upon the single regiment like so many tigers springing upon their prey.

They outnumbered the Spaniards nearly two to one, and the onset was so impetuous the Spaniards were swept away and forced back over the intrenchments.

The Filipinos went over with them, thus rendering the intrenchments useless to them at the moment, and they continued their retreat, fiercely contesting every inch of ground.

The news flashed all along the Spanish line that their left wing had been defeated and the intrenchments carried. It changed the entire phase of the fight, as the Spanish center and right were ordered to fall back to the city without having fired a shot.

Aguinaldo, who had command of his own center, was so astonished at the sudden retrograde movement that he suspected a trap and feared to advance his line. Hence the Spaniards withdrew their forces within the walls of the city, completely abandoning their outer line of defense.

A few hours later, when he understood that the prompt and crushing blow delivered by Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant had caused the abandonment of the fight on the part of the Spaniards, he realized the terrible fighting qualities of the Americans. Yet he swore under his breath at the promise that he had made which kept him from seizing the prize that lay within his reach.

He was strongly tempted to break his promise, but he feared the wrath of the American admiral and general. Yankee Doodle hastened to his side, grasped his hand and said :

"Chief, it is all over with Spain. Manila is doomed, and the Spaniards now await to surrender it to the Americans. Stand still now, and trust the great republic to make your people free forever."

He promised to do so, after which Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant hastened back to Cavite to report to the admiral.

"Well done, my boy," said the admiral when he heard his report. "I could not have done better myself. The end has come, and we now have only to reach out and take the prize."

Events proved that the admiral was right, for the Spaniards only waited to surrender the city to the American forces, which they did a few days later at the demand of General Merritt, who had arrived with other transports filled with American soldiers.

By that time news came that Spain had thrown up the sponge and asked for terms. The news was flashed by cable, hostilities ceased, and the great question of the disposition of the islands, that for three hundred years had been the brightest jewel in the crown of Spain, was to be settled by an international commission. Cuba was freed, and Porto Rico surrendered to the United States to become forever a part and parcel of the greatest republic the world had ever seen.

Aguinaldo was permitted to march through the streets of the city in company with the American troops, after which they retired outside, to remain in camp while the city was guarded by the American army to protect the lives and property of the citizens.

With his fame as a fighter and diplomat largely increased, Yankee Doodle took the steamer for Hong Kong for the purpose of returning to his home in the United States, bearing a letter from the admiral and the general to the president, explaining in detail the value of his splendid services to the army and the navy.

[THE END.]

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